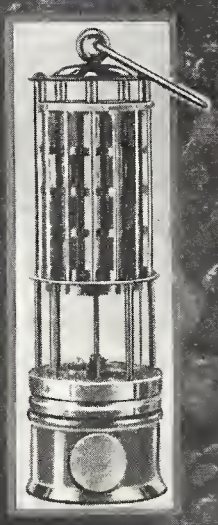
EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company.

Washington Union Coal Company.

UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY · OLD TIMERS ASSN



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JANUARY, 1927

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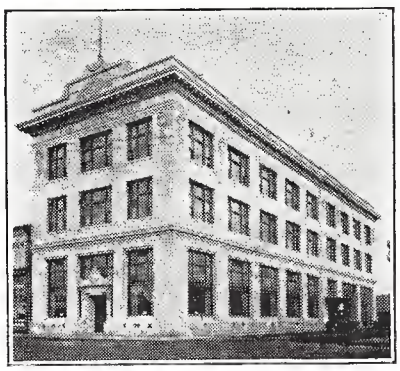

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Sir Galahad

Painted by the Master
Artist C. F. Watts

EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EMPLOYES OF THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY AND WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY AND THEIR FAMILIES

VOLUME 4 JANUARY, 1927 NUMBER 1

Sir Galahad—A Painting

Painted by C. F. Watts—Immortalized by the poet Tennyson

WE ALL know the picture "Sir Galahad" and we instantly think of the words of Tennyson's poem by the same title, with the hero's explanation of his prowess, his sureness of success:

"My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

It is an inspiring picture, carrying a wonderful story. Watts, the painter, was born of Welsh parents in London, England, at a time when men were giving the world great thoughts—perhaps none more noble than Watts himself. A few of his great contemporaries were Carlyle, Lord Lytton, Browning and Tennyson. Tennyson was his much-loved friend, whose portrait he painted several times. Historians, commenting on this friendship and Watts' portrait of Tennyson, say that when Watts enveloped Tennyson in a prophet's mantle, he pictured his idea of the eternal greatness of his friend. How finely tuned must their friendship have been! Tennyson's word picture of Sir Galahad. Watts' pictured conception of the knight who said:

"A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear."

Watts painted two conceptions of Sir Galahad. The first he gave to Eton College, England, where it hangs in the chapel. The second is in a private collection in London and is the one we have here—the one best known.

Watts began to draw when a mere child, but received very little technical training, studying at the Royal Academy for only a few months. At twenty he was honored by having three of his pictures placed in the academy. He said that his greatest delight and inspiration was his study of the Elgin marbles brought from Athens and placed in the British Museum. A second influence was his study of the Venetian paintings in Italy, made possible by his winning a prize of three hundred pounds. One can easily discern the influence of the Greek marbles in his drawing of the figure with its simple and powerful lines. But Watts made laws unto himself; he was a self-created painter. And if his Celtic blood shows in his mysticism and poetic imagination, one might like to think, too, that his own nobleness and the reality of his appreciation of the nobility of his friend helped to make his Sir Galahad the inspiration it is. We are told that Watts was very humble, but at the same time he had a bold faith in his art and in his ability to teach and present through it readable, universal truths which would appeal to the folks of his day and to those of the dim future. He painted allegorical subjects and symbolic portraits chiefly. His allegories savor of the prehistoric age, when all was majestic and sublime in its simplicity—tinged with tragedy perhaps. Then he painted symbolic portraits of the notables of his day, never flattering them, but painting the meaning of their characters as he saw them. One can imagine what a vogue such a portrait painter would have in this day. Or, would he? Carlyle said of his portrait: "You have made me look like a mad laborer."

The Story

The story of Sir Galahad involves a knowledge of the tales of King Arthur, a legendary king of England whom Tennyson describes:

"He rode, a simple knight among his knights
And many of these in richer arms than he."

The story, which is imaginary, tells that England had no king and was come to perilous times. It was decided to choose a king by asking all the aspirants to try to pull a sword out of a huge block of stone. One after another the nobles tried and failed. Then came Arthur, who did not want to try. Urged, he did try—and successfully. So he became king, and called about him a band of brave men who had sworn to assist each other on all occasions, to lead pure lives and to seek all kinds of adventure. These men were called the Knights of the Round Table because at their feasts they sat at a huge circular table. There were one hundred and fifty knights in the body. They had

many wonderful adventures and did many brave and noble deeds.

Then, legends tell us, Merlin, a great prophet and enchanter, sent a message to King Arthur and directed him to take up the search for the Holy Grail and that the knight who was to find and restore it was already born.

The legend tells, too, that the Holy Grail was the cup from which Christ drank at the last supper with the apostles. He was said to have given it to Joseph of Arimathea, who carried it to Europe and set up a shrine. Pilgrims went to the shrine and were blessed, sick folks were made well and cripples were made whole. The keepers of the Holy Grail were righteous men. Then one of them became wicked and the Grail at once disappeared. The people were shocked at the calamity. They wanted the Grail back. Evil had taken it away. Goodness and bravery might find and bring it back.

King Arthur was brave and wise. When he received the order from Merlin, the prophet, he gave it much thought. As they discussed it, the Holy Grail suddenly appeared in the great banquet hall. It was covered over with a silken cloth. No one could see it, but its glorious light filled the room. Then it vanished. King Arthur was a godly man. He said: "Surely we ought to thank the Lord for what he has shown us." One after another the knights swore they'd take up the quest for the Grail. Now, each of the knights had his own seat at the table, but one seat always stood empty, its name covered.

Just then the oldest knight entered the hall and brought with him a most beautiful young man and led him to the empty seat. When the cover was removed the knights were all amazed to see this engraved on the back of the chair: "This is the seat of Galahad the Good Knight." They welcomed Galahad, and the next day was set aside for a farewell tournament among the knights who were to go out in search for the Holy Grail. In the friendly combats which they had Sir Galahad won out. When the others asked him how he got his ability, he said:

> "My strength is as the strength of ten
> Because my heart is pure."

In the morning the knights set out in search of the Holy Grail. Among them was Sir Galahad. He was mounted on a snowwhite steed. The story of his wanderings is full of romance and adventure. He overcame obstacles. He did much good to the people with whom he came in contact. He was triumphant in all his undertakings, and because he overcame all the evils which presented themselves and retained his sincerity of purpose and goodness, he was permitted to find the Holy Grail. And it is said that since the time of Sir Galahad no one has looked on the Holy Grail. Thus runs the allegory.

Watts himself has said of his pictures: "My intention has not been so much to paint pictures that will charm the eye as to suggest great thoughts that will appeal to the imagination and the heart, and kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity." Perhaps not anywhere has his intention been more strikingly carried out than in his "Sir Galahad."

Sir Galahad

Lord Alfred Tennyson

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall;
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine;
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
My mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns.
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowly altar cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on longly mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board; no helmsman steers;
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

(Please turn to page 4)

How Additional Efficiency in Mining Operations Can Be Obtained

An Address Delivered by Eugene McAuliffe, December 10, 1926, at the Twenty-ninth Annual Convention of The American Mining Congress, Washington, D. C.

THE solution of the problems that surround industry will ever rest with those responsible for the existence and conduct of same. There is no short road to grace; on the other hand, the certain industries which have attained a reasonably smooth running basis reached same by the age-old process of trial and error, plus persistent thought and strenuous work.

Engaged in the production of coal, I will confine my suggestions to the results that may be gained for the particular industry which employs some 750,000 men, and which in addition furnishes the railroads with a material percentage of the tonnage that goes to make up their daily load, a load which not only reserves the right to fluctuate violently between seasons, but in addition thereto to shift itself in multiplied volume from one field to another, almost in a night; the stream of traffic derived therefrom likewise, at times, drying up with astonishing rapidity.

There are three certain avenues leading toward betterment broadly open to the coal industry, two of which have been made the subject of frequent discussion; the third, while generally employed by the metal mining industry in the United States and in coal mines in Europe, has been in this country very generally ignored by our coal industry. The first avenue toward betterment I will refer to but briefly, the storage of coal by the consumer, a work that the railroads and other large public utility users should lead in. The effect of a generous policy toward the storage of coal at the point of consumption would be far-reaching. The gain would rest with the user and the railroads, to the railroads' dual interests of fuel supply and traffic most of all. I will not take the time to repeat the details of the advantages that would be attained by the general adoption of a national coal storage policy.

The second great opportunity for increased efficiency lies in the direction of extending and hastening the process of translating the labor now employed in loading coal by hand within the mines, to that of manufacturing, operating and maintaining power-driven machinery.

Perhaps it is worth while to picture the task of the men who shoveled 562,000,000 tons of coal from the mine face to pit cars in 1925—this stupendous accomplishment can best be visioned by a simple comparison. Between 2500 and 2000 B. C. the pyramid of Cheops was built, absorbing the energy of 100,000 men for thirty years. Originally 768 feet across the base and 482 feet in height, its masonry content approximated 3,041,148 cubic yards. After excluding the 25,000,000 tons of coal loaded by strip pit shovels on the surface, and mechanical loading devices employed underground, the 1925 production of coal in the form of "run of the mine" would make a pile covering a square mile of surface with a perpendicular face 800 feet in height, the coal content of this pile approximating 830,000,000 cubic yards, or a volume equal to 272 times that of Cheops. If this pile was erected in the outskirts of Washington, millions would come to view it. What a human task would there be evidenced; 56,000,000,000 separate shovelfuls lifted over the side of perhaps 500,000,000 mine cars, each car placed either by hand labor or by animal or power haulage.

The U. S. Bureau of Mines informs us that 1,879,726 tons of bituminous coal were loaded underground in sixty mines in 1923; in 1924 the number of mines loading mechanically had grown to eighty-three, the tonnage so loaded 3,495,222, while in 1925 the number of mines had further expanded to ninety-five, the volume of coal mechanically loaded 6,243,104 tons, an increase in two years of 232 per cent. Doubtless 1926 will show even better. I am sure the progress now being made exceeds that shown for the undercutting machine, which in 1891 undercut 5 per cent of the tonnage of bituminous coal, this portion growing at the rate of approximately 2 per cent per annum, and now running to 67 per cent of the total. While the coal loading machine is not yet being received with open arms by all operators and their employes, the birth pains it is now undergoing are not unlike those experienced by the railroads when the air brake and automatic coupler sought recognition. The advantages that will follow mechanical loading underground are both visible and invisible, but withal definitely material.

If no other incentive toward the further mechanization of our mines than that of obtaining a sufficient supply of labor existed, that situation alone warrants the transformation. Heretofore much of our coal mine labor has been recruited from eastern European nations. With millions of war-worn alien people turning toward America as a haven of refuge, our government found it necessary to restrict immigration in order that complete submersion be avoided. The extent to which alien immigration of the classes that enter the mining industry, coal and metal, is now available and is well expressed in the report of the U. S. Department of Labor, Bureau of Immigration, for the six years ending June 30, 1926:

Admissions

	1921	1922	1923	1924	1925	1926	Total	Average per Year
Miners	1,746	881	2,550	3,937	1,467	2,102	12,683	2,114
Laborers	160,564	32,726	83,552	108,001	34,784	43,543	463,170	77,195
Totals	162,310	33,607	86,102	111,938	36,251	45,645	475,853	79,309

Departures

Miners	4,145	3,257	803	954	953	855	10,967	1,828
Laborers	135,207	100,058	32,912	37,259	49,890	33,107	388,433	64,739
Totals	139,352	103,315	33,715	38,213	50,843	33,962	399,400	66,567
Excess of admissions	22,958		52,387	73,725		11,683	76,453	12,742
Excess of departures		69,708			14,592			

It is quite evident that an annual addition of 12,742 laborers will go but a short distance in the work of supplying the force necessary to meet expanding requirements, retirement and death losses. Labor, like coal, is an exhausting asset.

The direct economies that follow the increase in tons per man shift affect the cost factor, but in addition thereto a reservoir of labor is made available by mechanization in the form of young men who, after passing through the excellent schools which many of our mining communities have developed in recent years, will gladly seek work in mines mechanically equipped, but who, on the other hand, do not wish to toil alone at the face of a room or entry. One of our companies, with but a portion of its tonnage loaded mechanically, employed twenty-six high school graduates with the closing of the last school year, and what is more important, these boys wish to remain. May I suggest to the many operators who are either passive to, or perhaps opposed to the adoption of coal loading machinery on the ground that their particular mines are not adapted to machine loading, etc., that somewhere there is a machine available and sold by someone that will, if accepted without prejudice, do the job? I have no hesitation in saying that loading machine success is yet 80 per cent mental attitude.

The logical solution of the labor supply problem lies in the direction of making mining employment sufficiently attractive to the sons of existing mine workers. Our school facilities have been developed to a high standard, and thousands of boys coming from the homes of mine workers are being graduated yearly, all anxious to find a job less arduous than the one their fathers were compelled to take; these boys, a large per cent high school graduates, have a smattering knowledge of electricity and mechanics, and the universally used automobile has made every American-born boy familiar with machinery. It is this skill, plus capacity to think clearer, which we should attempt to capitalize. The mechanization of our mines will completely transform our mine labor situation.

The third lead toward betterment lies in the direction of doubling the present inordinately poor load factor through the double and triple shifting of the mines, a practice generally employed in metal mines and reduction plants, and likewise employed to a material extent in coal mines in Europe. The adoption of a coal storage program would reduce the idle time due to seasonal demand, and that is most important, affecting, as it does, not only the capital invested but likewise the labor employed. That betterment should be pursued, but separate therefrom, extraordinary savings can be made by extending the hours per day in which coal is produced, thereby obtaining a double or triple tonnage over which to divide the capital charges, taxes, cost of pumping, ventilation and such items of maintenance, including rock falls and timbering, that are influenced by the time element.

The savings that would flow from the multiple shifting of coal mines would startle those who develop the courage to work out the problem. For example, a careful computation, checked by several competent experienced coal operators and mining engineers, has demonstrated that the total cost of mining 7,350,000 tons of coal taken out through a shaft equipped to handle 2,000 tons in eight hours would be reduced by double shifting $897,750; this on the basis of a market demand of but 175 days per year. This sum, if reinvested annually at 6 per cent for twenty-one years, the life of the mine working 175 shifts per year and necessary to its exhaustion, would reach the startling sum of $2,220,116.

I often wonder if we who operate the mines do not spend too much time decrying labor rates that our irregular operation make necessary in order that an adequate annual wage can be earned, ignoring very largely the potentialities of methods, the adoption and adaptation of which would pay even greater returns than reduced wage scales. If we could make up our minds to think of the coal industry as a manufacturing industry, translating labor and raw material into a valuable product, thereafter exacting cost, plus a fair margin of profit, perhaps we would have fewer problems. It would doubtless help to think of coal mine management and salesmanship in terms of steel or automobile manufacturing, or as a public utility, as a railroad or an electric light and power plant, for example. It is even possible we could gain something by patterning after our competitors, the oil men, who in recent years seem to have won for themselves at least freedom from receiverships.

An Interesting Galaxy

As a result of a voting contest in which thousands of high school boys and girls in America and Europe voted, the following have been chosen as the twelve "greatest world heroes." The names are arranged in the order of the number of votes each received:

LOUIS PASTEUR.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
GEORGE WASHINGTON.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
WOODROW WILSON.
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.
JOAN OF ARC.
SOCRATES.
JOHANN GUTENBERG.
DAVID LIVINGSTONE.
GEORGE STEPHENSON.

Look that list over. Washington was only one man on the list who ever fought in a war, and he was better known as a great statesman than as a warrior. The rest are figures whose greatness was from the collar button up rather than down. Most of them were thinkers, some of them were dreamers; all of them were idealists. The most impractical man on earth is the man who wastes his life as a practical man.—Emporia Gazette.

Sir Galahad

(Continued from page 2)

A maiden knight—to me is given
  Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
  That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
  Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
  Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
  This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
  Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
  And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
  Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
  Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
  Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
  By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
  Until I find the Holy Grail.

The Carol Singers

Squire's Daughter (to village musical enthusiast): "Well, Giles, how did the carols go last night?"

Giles: "Wonnerful, Miss, wonnerful. Although we was a scratch party, there wasn't a 'itch."

EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

Published monthly in the interests of the employes of The Union Pacific Coal Company and Washington Union Coal Company and their families.

JESSIE MCDIARMID ..... *Editor*
Rock Springs, Wyoming

Subscription Price $1.00 Per Year
Distributed Free to Employes

VOLUME 4 JANUARY, 1927 NUMBER 1

A New Years Greeting

THREE years ago the Employes Magazine made its initial bow to the employes of The Union Pacific Coal Company and the Washington Union Coal Company, their families and friends. To some of us at least the three years have passed swiftly, and they have likewise, on the whole, proved good years. Years, like lives, are after all quite what we try to make them.

The relations between the two companies and their respective employes have not only been friendly throughout, but more important, a genuine spirit of co-operation has been evidenced at all times. We know that our mines are safer and better to work in, the reduction in accidents proves that, but in addition the task of many men has been lightened, and what is perhaps the most important thing of all, no suspension or cessation of work has occurred, all employes receiving compensation each two weeks of the three years.

The making up of pay-rolls is a tedious, tiresome task for the pay-roll clerk; days, hours, tons, yardage, all to be computed and checked against the varying rates paid, and so like the man who makes candy six days a week and grows to dislike everything sweet, pay checks become commonplace to pay-roll clerks and cashiers; however, every man who earns likes to see the "color of his money," the pay check representing not only something with which bills may be paid, but also tangible evidence of the fact that something worth while was accomplished during the two weeks by the person receiving the check. This is a "kick" not gotten out of money that comes without work, it goes with work-earned money only.

And then there is still another person to whom the check means a great deal, the wife and mother, to whom the task of making it go around falls. She is the purchasing agent who buys the food, clothing and shoes, and who spends many long hours planning, repairing and remaking old into new; the men who handle second-hand automobiles speak of the last as reconditioning.

By the way one of the better things that has come into the lives of the mine worker's family is the automobile. We know that there are many machines purchased and driven by people who are without homes, savings, or even partial provision against sickness or disability, but that class we will always have with us. We do know that the wives and children of the more numerous and dependable class are getting a real joy out of their car. It takes them out into the world of desert, streams, and to the homes of their friends throughout the year; so we are glad that 45 per cent of our Wyoming and 70 per cent of our Washington men own cars.

And now about the Magazine for 1927: We hope you will like our new dress, including cover and type, with certain changes in arrangements. In the preparation of the material we have tried to use the best we could obtain, featuring the life and social activities of our villages, with a fair measure of safety and mining material, all meant to be helpful. The pictures of old time people and events that we secure from time to time lead to the oft expressed wish that the companies had established a historian back in the beginning. What a rich mine the "diggings" of the sixties and seventies would have been. We know that we are making a record of the 1920's which will mean something in 1975. Let us all try to make 1927 just a little better, a little bigger, than any year that has passed. If we pull together we can do it.

To our entire family, those who are active and those who are retired, including our old "China boys" in far away China, we extend a New Years Greeting.

The Explosion at Francisco, Indiana

WHENEVER a meeting of mining men, either employers or employes, is held, an accident in a coal mine is almost certain to occur; at least the number of incidents of this character which have taken place justify the comment. The last major accident to occur is that at the Francisco Mining Company, Mine No. 2, located at Francisco, about six miles from Princeton, Indiana, No. 2 Mine exploding while the men were being lowered into the mine, between 6:00 and 7:00 a. m., December 9.

No. 2 Mine is a shaft mine, rather deep, working in the No. 5 Seam, and the field is known to be a gassy one, given to making gas and dry dust. Open lights and an absence of rock dusting are reported as among the conditions under which the mine was worked.

The seam ranges from 72 to 84 inches in thickness, employing mining machines and electric haulage, the normal working force about 300 men, output 2,000 tons per day. The mine is reported as having suffered squeezes, the gas examiners reporting the mine clear of gas before lowering commenced. While a cage load of men was being lowered the explosion occurred, damaging the cage and burning the men standing on same. From this it is evident that the gas or dust flame rode right to the bottom of the shaft, a total of 71 men below

or going down when the explosion occurred. The toll was 31 dead, 30 sent to the hospital, some of whom have since died.

After the first blast rescue work was at once started, and rescue teams from adjoining mines poured in to help. Later in the day a second explosion occurred, and in a brief period the mine took fire, making the sealing of the main and air shafts necessary, five workers left below, two of whom were known to be dead, the location of the remaining three, doubtless dead at the time of sealing, unknown.

The reports of the State Inspector of Mines and the representative of the U. S. Bureau of Mines are not available as this is written, but who can gainsay that gas, dust, open lights and electricity is a bad combination? Lack of complete ventilation engendering the collection of gas, doubtless set off by the open light of the first man to leave the bottom, was the genesis of this regrettable accident.

And Yet They Say It Can't Be Done

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, on December 12, 1901, to be exact, a telegraph instrument at Cornwall, England, ticked the letter "S" three times in succession, "S, S, S," across the Atlantic. On the coast of Newfoundland William Marconi, a young Italian inventor stood at the foot of a kite flying in the wind 400 feet above him, straining his ears for the agreed signal. His reward while faint, was loud enough to prove that electric waves were capable of adjusting themselves to the curvature of the earth, and so wireless telegraphy was born.

Within three months Marconi in mid-ocean received complete messages over a distance of 1,500 miles, and in a year's time private messages were regularly passing across the Atlantic. By this time balloons and kites as a support for aerials had disappeared and lofty masts had taken their places. The first commercial message for overseas was filed in New York on October 17, 1907, and the stream of messages girdling the world has grown steadily since.

In 1912 the writer, sleepless and reading in bed at 11:30 p. m., heard the cry of "Extra, Extra" down on the streets seven stories below. Somehow the feeling grew that an extraordinary happening had occurred and a paper was procured, and with the whole reading world we for the first time sensed what the wireless meant. The story was that of the sinking of the "Titanic", of the heroic conduct of Captain Archie Butt, gentleman unafraid, who with drawn revolver stood by the ship's boats, there uttering the oldest command of civilized man, "Women and children first"; John Jacob Astor, Elbert Hubbard and a great Jewish philanthropist, whose name sad to say we have forgotten, standing at his elbow. Then followed the rescue of the survivors by the steamship "Carpathia", whose wireless operator picked up the "S. O. S." of the "Titanic", and the whole world cheered for Marconi.

What wireless telegraphy has meant, since that year, in aiding to make the seas safer and in the dissemination of information over their broad expanses is too well known to require elaboration. Today, still in his vigorous prime, Marconi looks forward. He has recently established short-wave stations which are to be of great importance in wireless communication. He foresees the possibility of wireless transmission of power over moderate distances and the possibility that television (seeing by electricity) may become an actuality. He believes that the next twenty-five years may witness further great development in directional wireless transmission and reception. December twelfth marked a quarter century of high achievement by him. He has the gratitude of the whole world and its hopes that his future efforts may be crowned with success in full measure. Who of us has the courage to say that any task that the mind of man can vision and measure can not be performed?

Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross and the Girl Scouts

ELSEWHERE in this issue of the Employes Magazine will be found a splendid picture of Governor Ross seated between Girl Scouts Darhl Draney and Louise Page. Mrs. Ross who has never failed to think of herself as a wife, mother, and citizen, rather than an office holder, has been the recipient of many honors from the citizens of Wyoming. To be the first woman Governor of the State that took first place in granting suffrage to women, and to thereafter preside over a Congress of Governors, many of whom came from our oldest and most densely populated states, as well as to serve as the hostess of a Crown Prince and his Princess, and more recently a Queen, her children and retinue, represents real honors gracefully carried out.

It is not, however, for the honors that her high office has placed in her way that Mrs. Ross will be remembered, fame is ever a fleeting quantity, but the people of Wyoming, and the Girl Scouts in particular, will ever continue to think of her as a true woman, lovable, gracious and friendly always, and the Girl Scout pledge took on a new significance when Scout Ross "came into camp."

To the successor of Mrs. Ross, Governor-Elect Frank C. Emerson, a man whose life has been bounded by work, character and achievement, the Employes Magazine extends its New Year's wishes for success and even greater honors. As our Girl Scouts have drawn inspiration from Governor Ross, so may our Boy Scouts look up to Governor Emerson.

The Old Guard Dies But Never Surrenders

JUST a few mornings ago as we rode the Pennsylvania Manhattan Limited train out of New York City, we joined two men in the dressing room of the sleeping car who were using the old style straight razor. In a moment a three-some was busily engaged in following the rolling movement of the car as it was tossed down the west side of the Alleghanys at sixty miles an hour.

After the ordeal of producing three bloodless shaves was over with, a remark was made to the effect that the men who still insist on using the old style razor represented a wonderful opportunity for the creation of one more organization such as the thousands now existing, which serve to unite the American people.

The name, "Ancient and Accepted Order of Skinners," was suggested, with a Grand High Patriarchial Skinner as the Chief Officer, the second "rankest" officer to be known as the Grand High Senior Skinner, with a Grand High Junior Skinner following. Of course it was agreed that it would be necessary to provide a Secretary-Treasurer to do the work, giving this individual a salary instead of a title.

The further suggestion was made that a set of signs that would enable members to recognize each other in a crowded sleeping car lavatory, and a slogan such as "not too proud to fight on" or "up and at 'em," should be provided. A dinner song was likewise suggested and one of the trio opined that a weekly paper, devoted to the cause and supported by the advertising of face lotions, soaps, etc., would place the organization in line with modern practice. The question of establishing a radio station was touched upon as a further possibility, and the advantages of reconizing the great American weakness known as "buttonitis" by designing a series of bronze, silver and gold lapel buttons, was advanced. The meeting adjourned after agreeing to keep the members of the fair sex with their dinky curved safety razors out, refusing membership to all womankind, a number of whom have already adopted man's heretofore outstanding privilege, the cigarette. Men must be men; bleeding, perhaps bludgeoned, but unbowed. If you see a man whose face is well "nicked", with a strange button in his lapel, you will know that the organization is under way. We must keep all America organized.

Best Wishes for the New Year—New Year Resolutions

J. McD.

BEST wishes for the New Year for our friends and New Year resolutions for ourselves. Isn't that the order for the beginning of this new year? Best wishes for our friends. Resolutions for ourselves. Just the other day a friend, telling me about a new book she'd read, said that the most important thing she'd gotten out of it was this: that it is unwise to try to change your friends. Perhaps they need changing, perhaps even New Year resolutions more than we do but it's wiser to try to change ourselves.

And it may not be amiss to go back to our school days and Shakespeare to the advice of Polonius as he was bidding Laertes, his son, goodbye:

> "This above all: to thine own self be true
> And it must follow as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Resolve to be true to yourself. The most comprehensive sort of a resolution! True to your best ideals. True to your standards of right. True to your convictions. True to your own standard of accomplishment. True to your highest thinking, to your best self that may be. True to yourself by thinking your problems through for yourself. There are fashions in ideas just as there are fashions in hats and such is the American habit of conferencing that the theory of one presently becomes the expression of all with like phrasing and emphasis—the philosopher of one town is repeating emphatically the theory haltingly advancing by someone in another town but few moons ago. Be true to yourself.

And best wishes for all our friends—leaving it to them to make their own resolutions. Character is caught, not taught anyway. The virtues we might wish others to have are caught from like virtues. Kindness begets kindness. Character begets character.

In 1927

J. McD

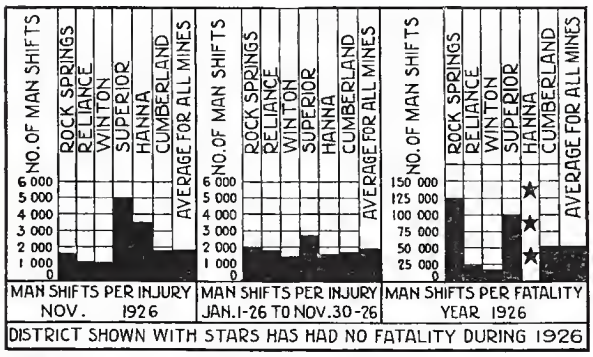
WHAT do we want the year 1927 to bring to us? Perhaps we will all realize that it will give us pretty much what we ask of it or—more correctly—ask of it and work for. Wasn't it Emerson who said: "Shallow men believe in luck; strong men believe in cause and effect." Whatever we ask for and expect to receive we must ask for and work for wholeheartedly. They tell us that Clara Schumann said: "My music is my religion." And Jenny Lind, the sweetest singer of all time, when at the height of her fame, exclaimed: "I sing for God." They were not just "getting by"—I saw Julia Marlowe play a few years ago. Her speaking voice seemed perfection to me. Yet we are told that she has never ceased taking voice production exercises under direction. The year will bring us what we work for—and continue to work for.

After All These Years.

Hatch: "And have you been successful in your affairs of the heart?"

Batch: "Very. I am still unmarried."

November Accident Graph



THE graph for this month shows a marked decline over the preceding month. Last month there were but fourteen accidents, while this month twenty-five have been reported. The average last month was 3,356 man shifts for each accident, while this month there has been but 1,819, with the working time for the two months about equal.

While the injury rate may seem rather high, there are concealed facts that upon closer analysis develop more gratifying features, chief of which is the fact that none of the injuries were of a serious nature, the majority being bruises and miner lacerations, painful when experienced but not lasting. Further, the list shows but very few "face" accidents or those occurring directly at the working face. In the past few years the face accidents have accounted for a large majority of all injuries and have been the hardest to combat. This class of injuries can only be prevented by the vigilance of the workmen, and the human element is at the best uncertain. The reduction in "face" accidents is not only true for this month, but for the entire year.

A great many injuries occurring this month have been to the hands, and in three cases the injury has been followed by infection. This is regrettable, as the accident oftentimes cannot be avoided but the infection nearly always can. Do not neglect the slightest cut or bruise, but always have it treated.

November Injuries

Blaster—Piece of coal flew from face, striking and lacerating head and shoulder.

Machine Man—Was lifting a piece of coal. It broke, falling and bruising foot.

Loader—Was setting a prop and ran a sliver in his thumb. Thinking nothing of it, he continued to work. His hand later became infected and he was forced to lose working time.

Miner—He was using a sheave to pull cars into his place. As motor started to pull rope through sheave, he was guiding rope and his hand was caught between rope and sheave, badly lacerating three fingers.

Hoisting Engineer—While lowering a loaded trip on landing, the friction band on hoist broke, striking his hand and badly crushing thumb and first finger.

Miner—While returning from work, he tripped over rail, falling on lunch pail, and injured side.

Loader—Was cleaning suction hose on pump line and cut his finger on a piece of the screen wire. Cut later became infected.

Loader—Was coupling two loaded cars on a curve. His hand was caught between the bumpers, lacerating one finger.

Outside Laborer—Was changing main slope rope from loads to empties. As loaded trip came to a stop, the pin between the first and second car broke, causing the car remaining on the rope to jerk a short distance backwards. He was knocked down by car, bruising shoulder.

Miner—Was picking coal at face of room. A small piece of coal flew from pick point, striking him in eye, causing a corneal ulcer.

Loader—Was attempting to re-rail car, using a prop as a pry. The prop slipped, causing him to fall backward, striking his back on rail.

Rope-Rider—While coupling cars on entry parting, cars derailed and he was squeezed about the chest.

Miner—Piece of coal fell, striking wrist and causing slight abrasion. Wound later became infected.

Laborer—Carrying pan in conveyor room and let it slip from hand, striking him on right foot.

Miner—Was pushing car to face of room and slipped and fell, scratching leg. He reported for treatment at the time, failing to return to physician for some weeks later, when leg was infected.

Machine Runner—Was unloading cutting machine from truck. He left power turned on and walked to end of truck to fasten feed chain on the hook. As he took hold of the chain, the clutch that drives the feed chain slipped into gear and his hand was caught between gear and chain and four fingers were mashed.

Joy Trimmer—While moving machine from face of room, was holding the pin inside of the wheel that gives the machine traction. As wheel revolved, his hand was caught between the pin and the cotter key in the axle of the loader, severely bruising thumb.

Miner—Was pulling loose coal from rib, using a large steel bar. A piece of coal slid down bar, striking him in the face, cutting mouth and lips.

Miner—Was cutting a prop, when a small piece of coal fell, cutting hand. Later became infected.

Miner—While taking sheet iron from room neck, slipped and fell, striking arm on sheet iron, causing fracture of one bone in forearm.

Gas Analysis As An Aid In Fighting Mine Fires

THE men in the mines, especially those at Hanna and Reliance, have undoubtedly oftentimes watched someone from the Safety Department standing at a valve in a fire stopping, industriously working a small hand pump, later putting a small bottle, apparently containing nothing, into a case and leaving. To all appearances nothing has happened, and the question is "What is it all about?"

In the mines above noted there are large areas of fires which have been "sealed off", that is, stoppings have been so erected around the fire area to exclude as much air as possible from reaching the burning zone.

The little bottle that apparently contains nothing, in reality contains, when analyzed, a valuable record of

what is taking place beyond the fire wall. We all know that fire, to burn, must have air. When the air is passed to a fire there is combustion and certain products of combustion (chiefly carbon dioxide or black damp) result. We also know that when the air is withdrawn from a fire, it cannot burn and that the presence of black damp tends to smother it. It is for this reason that samples of the atmosphere behind a fire wall are taken at regular intervals by means of the small hand pump and are later analyzed.

From the results of this analysis a very accurate idea can be obtained as to just what is taking place behind the stoppings.

When an entire mine or a section of it has been sealed to exclude air, the sampling of the atmosphere within the sealed area becomes desirable in order to determine the effectiveness of the stoppings, or dams, in excluding the air. If the stoppings are tight, the fact is shown by a depletion of the oxygen and an increase in the carbon dioxide content.

Another reason for the systematic collection and analysis of samples of air from the sealed area is to obtain information regarding the advisability of removing stoppings. Disastrous consequences have sometimes followed the premature reopening of sealed areas, as was demonstrated at the last Hanna explosion. Fires often burn vigorously after all external air was thought to have been excluded.

When a burning section of a mine has been successfully sealed, the atmosphere within changes in composition. It loses oxygen and cannot support combustion. The fire then cools until re-admission of the air cannot cause a blaze, and finally the temperature zone becomes normal.

The principal changes in the composition of the atmosphere in a coal mine during a fire are as follows: Oxygen is consumed in the burning of the coal and a small amount is also absorbed by the coal that is not on fire; carbon dioxide is produced; methane accumulates. Usually the oxygen supply in a burning section is quickly reduced and then incomplete combustion begins, hydrogen and carbon monoxide form at the fire. Carbon monoxide is so poisonous that deadly proportions are liable to be present in all parts of the mine, and great care must be exercised in both the fire fighting process and later the breaking of the seals in the fire area.

Experiments have shown that the flame of a candle or of a miner's open light, when allowed to burn out in a closed vessel containing ordinary air, is extinguished when the oxygen content falls to about 16 per cent and the carbon dioxide content is a little over 3 per cent.

Although a mine fire that is well under way when the stoppings are built may continue to burn in an atmosphere containing less than 15 or 16 per cent of oxygen, these results afford some basis for estimating the amount of inleaking oxygen required to keep a fire burning or to cause a smouldering fire to burn vigorously.

In sealing any portion of a mine, many precautions must be observed, as it is a matter of common knowledge that a fire continues to burn for some time after stoppings are built and the heated gases, unless they can escape, exert considerable pressure on the stoppings. Moreover, an inrush of air must be guarded against or the fire may start afresh again and dangerous explosions may result.

Conclusions as to the approximate length of time a sealed mine or sealed portion of a mine should remain closed after a fire has been brought under control are difficult to reach because conditions differ at different fires. However, it is certain that analyses of samples of the atmosphere in the mine or section will show whether the fire is well sealed and will enable more intelligent conclusions to be drawn regarding the length of time that stoppings should be kept up.

The First Broadcaster

The first broadcasting of record was that of Paul Revere, who used but one plug in the operation.

The Safety First Pennant and 100 Books—Who Are the Winners?

The February issue of the Employes' Magazine will contain the notice of award of the Safety First Pennant for the best showing toward accident reduction effected during the last half of 1926. The pennant goes to the district making the best showing on a man shift basis and the books to the Community Council located in the district making the highest percentage of improvement. Certain other safety awards to be competed for in 1927 will be announced in the February issue also.

Boy Scout First Aid Contest

By Geo. B. Pryde

Here you are Boy Scouts! A First Aid Contest!

It has been decided that during the present year there will be an opportunity for the Boy Scouts to demonstrate what they can do with First Aid work. A contest will be held at Rock Springs sometime during the latter part of May between First Aid teams composed of Boy Scouts from Rock Springs, Reliance, Winton, Superior, Hanna and Cumberland. The team winning first prize in the competition will be sent to Salt Lake City, Utah, by The Union Pacific Coal Company under the direction of a responsible Scout leader. A demonstration of First Aid and Scout work will be given before some public body later to be decided upon and there will be an opportunity for several days' sight-seeing.

The following instructors and Scout leaders will have charge of the work at each of the respective districts:

Rock Springs:	Scoutmaster—J. I. Williams. First Aid instructors—Eliga Daniels and Thos. Overy.
Reliance:	Scoutmaster—H. H. Hamblin. First Aid instructor—Dan Gardner.
Winton:	Scoutmaster—G. H. Carlson. First Aid instructor—Archie Auld.
Superior:	Scoutmaster—Rev. Callahan. First Aid instructor—Robert Flockhart.
Hanna:	Scoutmaster—F. L. Morgan. First Aid instructor—Andy Royce.
Cumberland:	First Aid instructor—Peter Boam, Jr.

It is hoped that all mine superintendents will see that training is immediately started, and that all boys of Scout age will apply to the Scoutmasters for enrollment. There is plenty of time between now and May to get a good working idea of First Aid, and remember the winning team is going to have a splendid trip—something worth striving for. Let's go!

Safety First.

Electrician (from roof): "Just hang on to two of them wires, George."

George: "Right!"

Electrician: "Feel anything?"

George: "No."

Electrician: "Well, don't touch the other two, 'cause there's two thousand volts in 'em!" —Passing Show.

Dad Equal to Occasion

A freshman at college wired his father as follows:

"No mon, no fun, your son."

The father replied:

"How sad, too bad, your dad."

Our Visitors See Mechanized Coal Mines and Pursue Wary Elk in Wyoming Mountains

By A. W. Dickinson

FOUR hundred and thirty some odd years ago, an obscure but courageous Italian, Christopher Columbus, landed on the southeastern shores of the land that the world now knows as America. We know and revere our part of this land as the United States of America, and we know better this new portion of a relatively new land as Wyoming.

Further discoverers, three hundred and fifty years after Columbus, explored and reported our mountain country, teeming with game and rich in workable beds of high grade bituminous coal.

After Columbus left his native Genoa and lived his life of discovery and adventure, many things happened on the continent of Europe, and the peoples of the many nations continued to develop a higher state of civilization as the centuries passed. Coal, that imperative necessity of any surviving civilization, was mined and in its many uses was brought to a high state of importance in European industry. In the drive for world trade supremacy, Germany, France and England strove for the means which would allow them to produce their exports at the lowest possible costs, in order that they might survive in the markets of the world.

In the manufacturing city of Bochum, near Essen in the Westphalian district of Germany, two men by the name of Eickhoff operated a manufacturing plant from which coal mining equipment went forth to the trade. In 1911, through the death of his father, Alfred Eickhoff became the head of the manufacturing concern and, being a progressive young man, cast about for the means of enlarging the successful activities of the Eickhoff Company. Due to the efforts of German mining engineers to reduce the cost of production of the coal so necessary to the success of Germany, a form of shaking conveyor had been introduced as an experimental device to aid in production in the German coal mines. Alfred Eickhoff seized upon this device and has since devoted the energy of his plant and organization in perfecting and making a success of the operation of this equipmet.

In the meantime, in the new land in the western hemisphere and in the still newer state of Wyoming, coal was being mined and economic pressure similar to that experienced in Westphalia caused engineers to look far and wide for means which would help in the problem of production of Wyoming coal. To this end, one of the conveyors built by Alfred Eickhoff was brought to Wyoming and after being placed in operation was improved to the extent that a feeding end, or "duck-bill," was designed and put into use on the end of the conveyor in such a manner as to constitute a very successful coal loading machine. The American agent for Alfred Eickhoff, hearing of this new device, came to Wyoming from New York and was greatly impressed by the demonstration of its effectiveness in the coal mines. He left Wyoming and traveled post haste to Bochum, Germany, to lay the matter of the "duck-bill" before Alfred Eickhoff. Eickhoff was delighted with the manner in which his equipment had been received and improved upon in Wyoming, and immediately planned a trip to bring him to the western part of the United States in the fall of 1926.

At the mines, we were advised that Alfred Eickhoff was to make us a visit and were also told that he had expressed a desire to see and hunt the American elk in the mountain region near the mines.

In the meantime, Red Haggerty of the Farrington & Haggerty drilling combination had been working hard all fall on the construction of the new miners' bathhouse at Winton, near Rock Springs. The crisp fall air had given notice weeks before that it was time to look to the hills, but Happy was drilling a hundred miles to the east and Red was tied up on a contract job, and the chances for this adventurous pair to take their fall ramble in the hills seemed very remote. Finally, on election day morning, Red managed to get away ready for the hills, only to find that Happy could not leave.

We talked it over and, remembering Alfred Eickhoff's wish that he might hunt while in Wyoming, we told Red to expect visitors at his camp in the north country, and he departed to make preparations, leaving word where he would be camped for the ensuing week.

On the morning of November 4, Mr. Alfred Eickhoff, accompanied by Dr. B. R. Witte, Director of German Railroads, Dr. F. Kleffner and Mr. R. A. Walter, American agent, arirved in Rock Springs for the purpose of observing the coal mining operations and also to see what the people in this new land had done to improve the conveyors of Eickhoff manufacture. In the course of the day the matter of elk hunting came up for discussion, and with instant dispatch the personnel of the party was decided and Mr. Eickhoff and Dr. Witte drove north from Rock Springs at 6 o'clock Thursday night. It was dark and not much could be seen of the country through which we passed. A hearty supper at Eden and we drove on, putting up at Dan Doyle's in Pinedale at 10:30. 10:30.

On Friday morning we drove on from Pinedale at 8 o'clock and, passing Cora and Jenkins' ranch, came into the Green River valley below Kendall. The morning drive was very comfortable and much more was to be seen and enjoyed than in the dark of the previous night. Mr. Eickhoff asked many questions concerning the hunt and told of the deer hunting to which he is accustomed in his native land.

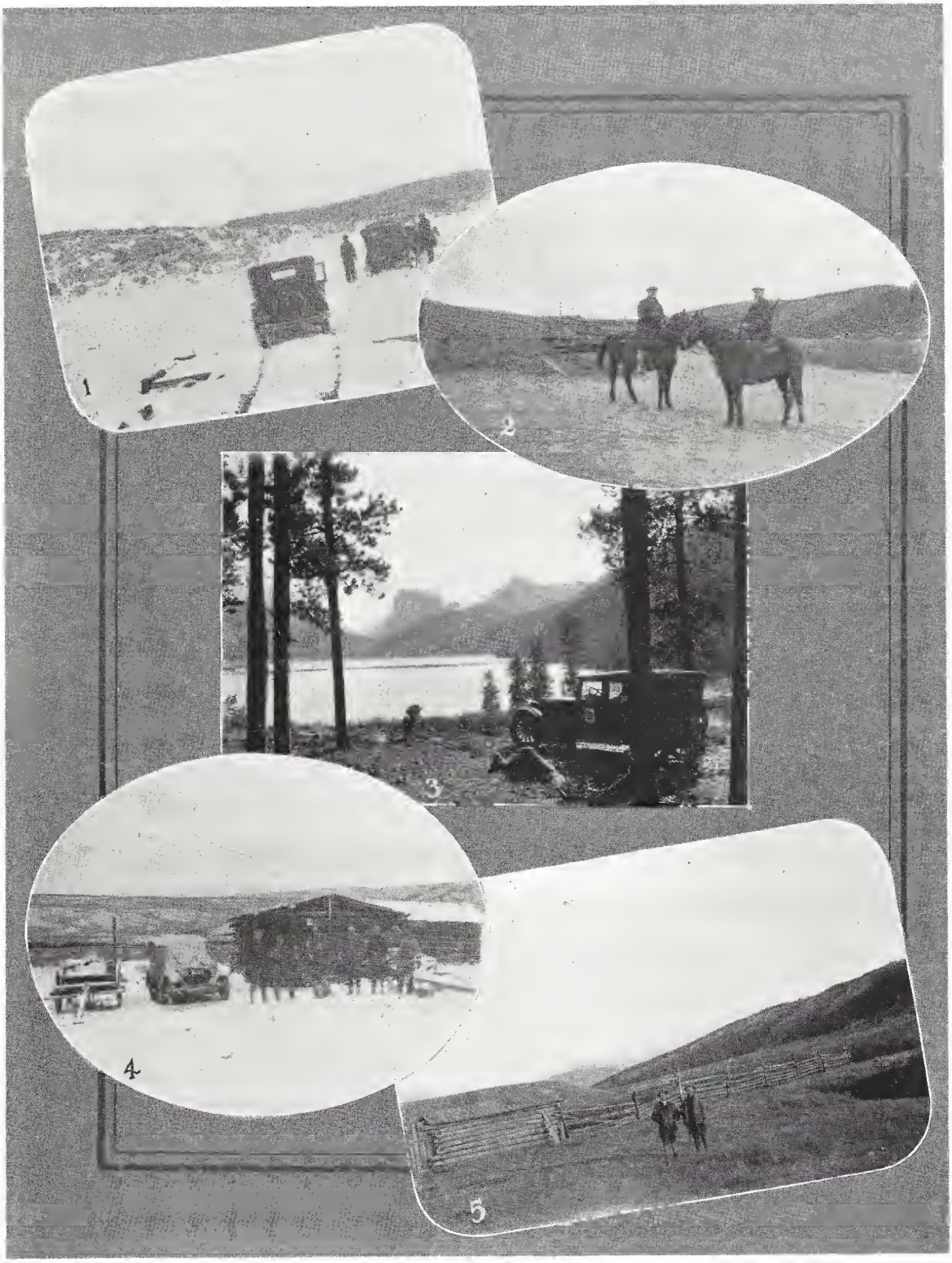
At noon we arrived at Green River lake and beheld Old Square Top holding the center of the scene amid snow-capped peaks and an azure sky. The visitors were much pleased with the scene and Dr. Witte hastened to take photographs.

The party then drove to the ranch house which Red had indicated as his base. In front of the house was a beautiful elk head, the scalp having been taken and placed nearby. Hind quarters of meat were hanging at the end of the front gallery. On approaching the door we found a note: "Pot roast in cooker. Help yourself. Back this P. M." Accordingly, we entered and prepared lunch. Noting a hole at the bottom of the front door as we entered, we remarked that the ranch house must boast a cat, and sure enough inside was the cat. And such a peculiar animal! No ears and only a stub of a tail! We were told afterwards that she had stayed out three winters in a cabin farther up in the mountains and that the loss of her appendages was due to the freezing in the unbearable temperatures of the higher mountains. As we sat at lunch, this cat asserted herself by climbing Mr. Eickhoff's legs, sinking claws deeply at each step, and the animal made such a fierce appearance that we paid a tribute of food with all haste.

In the afternoon, awaiting the return of the hunting party, we contented ourselves with sighting the rifle provided for Eickhoff. He was much pleased with the weapon, an 8 milo-meter Mannilicher, an Austrian gun.

At sunset, the view up the Green River valley toward Green River lake was most beautiful, with its ever-changing mass of colors. At dusk one of the visitors discovered a dark object in the river basin about 2,000 feet distant, and many were the conjectures as to what it might be—a bear, an elk or what not. On the following

(Please turn to page 12)



1. *Leaving for Home in the Snow.*
2. *Left to right: Dr. B. R. Witte, Omaha; Alfred Eickhoff of Bochum, Germany.*
3. *Looking across Green River Lake at Square Top and Granite Peak.*
4. *Hill's Cabin on the Big Bend of Green River. Left to right: Maurice Haggerty, L. R. Reeland, Lee Thompson, A. Eickhoff, A. W. Dickinson, Frank Gorey.*
5. *Left to right: Dr. B. R. Witte, Mr. A. W. Dickinson.*

Our Visitors See Mechanized Coal Mines

(Continued from page 10)

morning we discovered that it was a cow moose, browsing comfortably on the willow sprouts along the Green River. She was not disturbed by our presence, some 800 feet distant, and we did not disturb her. It is a pleasure to note that the moose are increasing in northwestern Wyoming.

Just after dark, Red and three others of his party returned. They had been fortunate, and more meat was in sight for the following day. Greetings were exchanged all around and Red's companions we met as Lee, Dutch and Frank, all men of long experience in the mountain country. There was also the little black cocker spaniel, Denver, a most friendly and agreeable specimen. We dined royally on elk stew and, after smokes and talks, turned in early for a heavy day on the morrow.

Saturday morning came with overcast skies and every indication of snow. The visitors departed with Lee as a guide, sitting on their horses in approved fashion, all intent upon securing a bull elk. The rest of us went out to bring in the game secured on the previous day. Into the hills we rode with spare pack horses under lead for the heavy work. Snow fell early in the day and when we arrived at the meat, a very considerable wind was driving the snow with cutting effect.

In butchering an elk for packing, the method used by our friends was to split the vertebrae, taking care that the hide be left uncut along the back. The carcass is then cut in the middle by the use of a sharp knife and the fore and hind quarters lie on the ground, held together by the back skin and ready for the packing. The fores and hinds are then lifted over the pack saddle or riding saddle, with the hair side of the hide down and the load is balanced. Either a diamond hitch or meat hitch is then thrown and made secure and the horse is loaded and ready to move.

After our animals were loaded, we proceeded toward the ranch house late in the afternoon, travel being hindered by poor visibility due to the wind and snow and by heavy grades and rocky footing. It was considered quite necessary by our hosts that we be in by dark, and we traveled hard to make it. One of the pack horses on a side hill slipped and rolled completely over, but regained its footing and rejoined the line, the elk quarters being so well held by the skillfully thrown hitch that the meat never shifted.

On arrival at the ranch house we were greeted by the hunting party, consisting of Mr. Eickhoff, Dr. Witte and Lee, who had gone out that morning after a bull elk. Mr. Eickhoff had been unable to see any of the elk. Lee had seen four, but because of the poor visability had been unable to show them to the visitors. Due to the fresh snow, tracking was good, and plenty of fresh tracks were in evidence but luck was not with the visitors.

Supper was a big affair, with elk liver and porterhouse of elk. We talked of Germany and its industrial situation. Dutch told of adventures with the A. E. F. He spoke German fluently and afforded the visitors much interest and entertainment. A map of the country in which we were venturing was brought forth and examined with particular interest by our friends of the mountain country. Stories and smokes wound up the day and with the sound of heavy winds and spitting snow we turned in.

In the night the wild looking house cat crept on to Frank's pillow. It awoke several members of the party with wild purring which seemed like the operation of a steam turbine. Frank said he thought that he had better not disturb the cat, to which we all agreed. She was certainly a wicked animal.

While we had been somewhat disturbed concerning the snow storm on Saturday night, we found, Sunday morning, that there was not much snow on the ground near the ranch house. We tried to persuade Mr. Eickhoff to stay on for another day's hunt with Lee, telling him that Red would bring him in safely and we were all sincerely anxious that he might kill a bull elk, but he felt that he must go on to Sale Lake to attend to the call of business. Lee begged him most of all, assuring him that there would be plenty of opportunities for elk in the good tracking snow that was to be had that morning.

There were groans from the saddle-lame members of the party when we rolled out of our comfortable bunks, but everybody loosened up and partook of Dutch's most particular Sunday dish of elk brains and eggs scrambled. Lee's flapjacks also held the center of the stage, and after human appetites had been appeased we all watched Lee feed Denver, the spaniel. The honest little dog must have eaten more than a dozen flapjacks from Lee's hand without a murmur, Lee insisting that it was proof positive of the superiority of the cooking.

We all tried to persuade Mr. Eickhoff to take the elk head which was at the cabin, but he would not hear of it, saying that he much preferred to return next year and take out his own head. Dutch finally prevailed upon him to accept two elk teeth as a parting gift.

As it was necessary that we return to the railroad by 6 o'clock Sunday night, preparations were now made for departure, equipment being reloaded in the automobiles, Red's car also carrying the meat. We departed from the ranch house after cordial good-byes at 10 o'clock in the morning and after some slight delay due to snow on the hills, we rolled down through the Green River valley and into Pinedale for the noon meal at 12:30. The run from Pinedale to Rock Springs was uneventful, our visitors being delivered at the hotel at 5:15 p. m.

In the evening, just before the guests' departure by train, Red showed the party part of his beautiful collection of photographs taken during outings of the last few years in the Wind River mountain country.

Dr. Witte returned to Omaha, where he is making a study of railroad management for his government. Mr. Alfred Eickhoff, Dr. Kleffner and Mr. R. A. Walter proceeded west on a journey that took them through Salt Lake, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Birmingham and New York, to sail for Germany and the manufacturing plant on November 16. We enjoyed our guests and hope that they will return next year.

The Little Towns

Oh, little town in Arkansas and little town in Maine,
And little sheltered valley town and hamlet in the plain,
  Salem, Jackson, Waukesha, and Brookville and Peru,
  San Cateo and Irontown, and Lake and Waterloo,
Little town we smiled upon and lived for simple ways,
Quiet streets and garden beds and friendly sunlit days,
  Out of you the soldiers came,
  Little town of homely name.
Young and strong and brave with laughter,
They saw truth and followed after.
    Little town the birth of them
    Makes you kin to Bethlehem.

Little town where Jimmy Brown ran the grocery store,
Little town where Manuel fished along the shore,
  Where Russian Steve was carpenter and sandy Pat McQuade
  Worked all day in overalls at his mechanic's trade,
Where Allen Perkins practiced law, and John, Judge Harper's son,
Planned a little house for two that never shall be done—
  Little town, you gave them all,
  Rich and poor and great and small,
Bred them clean and straight and strong,
Sent them forth to right the wrong.
    Little town, their glorious death
    Makes you kin to Nazareth!

—Author Unknown.

Engineering Department

Development of Electrical Locomotives in Underground Haulage

(This is the second of a series of articles on Underground Haulage. Subsequent articles will appear in later issues.)

Kirk V. Cammack

DURING the period in which experiments with compressed air, steam and gasoline locomotives for underground haulage were being made, the engineers of various mining and manufacturing companies, both in this country and abroad, were conducting experiments in an attempt to develop an electrical motor suitable for underground haulage.

Several types of electrical motors had been built for surface use, the first one using current from a dynamo being constructed by Siemens and Halske in Germany, was shown at the Berlin Trade Exhibition in 1879 * where it was operated intermittently during the exhibition on a circular track about 1,500 feet long. The introduction of electrical locomotives into the mines of that country followed almost immediately, as the mine operators were quick to realize their advantages. The first of such installations of which we have a definite record was in 1882, when two of the Siemens and Halske locomotives were installed in the coal mines owned by the King of Saxony at Zaukerode. Following the installations of these motors three others of a similar type were installed in the Consoldiated Paulus and Hohenzollern Collieries at Beuthen and from then on their use spread rapidly through the coal fields of Western Europe.

The commercial development of the storage battery locomotive had also begun about the same time that the Siemens motor appeared and in 1880 Brus and Fauce, working independently, almost simultaneously produced the pasted plate for batteries which greatly reduced the price of storage battery cells. At once the storage battery was looked on as the solution of the problem of dispensing with trolley wires or other bare conductors which had retarded the use of the trolley locomotive in many fields.

However, the early development of such locomotives for mining purposes took place in England and Germany as American engineers were slow to take up the subject, for in 1886 we have a record of a storage battery locomotive being installed in a mine of the Trafalgar Colliery Company ** in England, and it was not until 1899, thir teen years later, that a successful battery locomotive was introduced in this country. The first installation was in the Pocohontas field in West Virginia where six locomotives were installed by the Consolidated Collieries Company.

During this time the builders of the trolley locomotive had not been idle and much progress had been made. American engineers had been experimenting with the Siemens locomotive and on July 27th, 1887, a motor of this type was installed by The Lykens Valley Coal Company at their Short Mountain Colliery.* This locomotive had a 30 horse power motor wound for 400 volts direct current. The conductor was a 25-pound rail mounted along one side of the entry, the current being transferred to the motor by four contact wheels. The motor and running gear weighed 1500 pounds but the machine was weighed with scrap iron up to 7000 pounds. It was built by the Union Electric Company of Philadelphia and was the first underground locomotive of any considerable size in the world; as the original Siemens and Halske locomotive weighed only 2 tons and hauled a train load of about ten tons, while this motor hauled a load of 150 tons at a speed of six miles per hour over a road 6300 feet long.

In 1888, the Jeffrey Manufacturing Company built the first electric locomotive used in a bituminous mine in the United States. This installation was in the mines of the Upson Coal Company at Shawnee, Ohio. Instead of a wire or rail as a conductor two parallel, one inch, galvanized, iron pipes were used. The rails were not bonded as one of the pipes was used as a return circuit.

The first electrical mine locomotive installed in Illinois was at No. 3 Mine of the Chicago, Wilmington & Vermilion Coal Company at Streator in 1888. This locomotive weighed about six tons, was operated by a 60 horse power motor, the armature of which was geared directly to its 8 wheels. These wheels were 20 inches in diameter and the locomotive was designed to turn on a curve of an 8 or 9 foot radius.

The first electrical mine locomotive used in Wyoming was installed in No. 7 Mine, Rock Springs, in 1892 and was known as the Thompson-Houston electric locomotive. It was equipped with a 500 volt direct current motor, had a draw bar pull of 3000 pounds, and a full load speed of 8 miles per hour. It pulled forty 1½ ton cars over a line built on water grade, for a distance of 5000 feet. Later this haul was increased to 12,000 feet. This motor is still in good condition at the present time and if rewound for a lower voltage could be used to-day. Two Jeffrey locomotives were next installed at Superior in 1896 and from that date motor haulage was permanently established in the Rock Springs field.

From 1896 on the use of electrical locomotives for haulage purposes underground showed a slow but steady increase and by 1904 each of the important mining districts had at least one mine in which electric locomotives were used.

The introduction of the electric locomotive and its successful operations in main line haulage led to attempts to extend this system to gathering service. To meet this demand the cable locomotive was designed. Briefly described, this locomotive is one that can operate not only as a trolley locomotive but also can travel on track not equipped with a trolley by taking its power through a flexible cable which it carries on a drum.

The first successful locomotive of this type was developed in the Pocohontas Mines, where in 1900 they took an old locomotive frame mounted with a motor and equipped it with a vertical cable reel. This outfit became known as the "Wampus" because of its peculiar appearance and gave good service for many years. Various manufacturing companies soon took up the idea and a number of gathering locomotives were placed on the market. Several different designs are used, the cable either being wound by a reel placed on top or by a drum placed in one

*International Engineering Congress 1903.

**E. & M. J. Vol. 42, P. 96.

*Transactions A. I. M. E. Vol. 20.

end. This reel or drum may be operated by a separate motor, by a spring device, or by a chain and sprocket to the main motor.

To meet the demand for a motor that can gather cars from the low side on a steep pitch a device known as the "crab" locomotive was built about this time. This locomotive is equipped with a drum on which a steel cable is wound and which usually is driven by a separate motor, although this is not always the case. This equipment really makes a small hoisting unit of the motor by which cars can be pulled out of steeply pitching planes while the locomotive remains on the entry. Under some conditions a motor may be equipped with both a cable and a crab attachment. A rack rail locomotive has also been devised for electrical haulage on heavy grades, and this motor's haulage capacity is not limited by the adhesion between the wheels and the rails. Instead of driving the wheels in this type of locomotive the motor is geared to a sprocket wheel beneath the locomotive, the teeth meshing with a rack rail laying between the main rails. This type of locomotive is used where the grades are excessive, as it will haul large loads on steep grades, being limited only by its construction, strength and motor power. The current may be furnished either by a trolley wire or by contact through the rack rail. A motor of this type manufactured by the Jeffrey Company was at one time installed in Sweetwater No. 1 Mine in Wyoming but was junked because it did not give fast enough haulage service.

From the time electric haulage was introduced in mining operations it has been the desire of engineers to find some way of doing away with the trolley wire and the bonding of the rails, first to reduce the cost of these items and second to do away with the danger of contact with the wire and of explosions caused by the sparking of the trolley and wheels, for as yet the United States Bureau of Mines has not approved any trolley locomotive as permissible for a gaseous mine.

The early development of the battery locomotive has already been given. Little changes were made on these until 1900 when the Jeffrey Manufacturing Company shipped its first battery locomotive. At first development was slow but by 1911 their locomotives began to attract a great deal of attention. The storage battery had been improved both in design and in cost. Other companies had also fallen in line and were producing battery locomotives that were competing with the trolley type. The tendency in building this type has been to build a motor that will carry a heavy overload for a short time, some of them even being built durable enough to assimilate an overload of 300 to 400 times its rated capacity for a short period. The limit of development of this type of motor has not as yet been reached and the next few years may witness many radical departures from present day standards through the development of this type of locomotive.

Unusual Motor Trouble

D. C. McKeehan

COAL mine officials are aware that most all the frailties that electric motors and electrical equipment in general "fall heir to" happen sooner or later and interrupt production. I shall cite a case of motor trouble that was quite mysterious at the time of happening, but now is very commonplace and readily recognized whenever it manifests itself.

A certain synchronous motor began giving trouble during starting, and nearly a year elapsed before the trouble became sufficiently pronounced to be located and remedied. This motor, which received an alternating current, was coupled to a direct-current generator that supplied the power to several locomotives, mining machines and a small hoist. Such a combination of motor and generator is called a motor-generator set, or in mine parlance just a "set." For years the motor had operated very satisfactorily, then all at once it became sluggish at starting and refused to accelerate to full speed when switched from the "starting" side to the running side of the compensator, which supplied it with normal running voltage. The starting voltage was found to be 1,500 volts, which is quite usual for motors requiring 2,200 volts for normal running, as was the case with this one. The duty at starting was very light, as it was only necessary to revolve the motor rotor and the armature of the direct-current generator. Tests were made and it was found that the motor locked at one-half normal speed; that is, when attempting to start the motor it would only reach a speed of 450 revolutions per minute instead of 900 revolutions, the speed for which it was designed to do its work. Intermittently it behaved this way for several months. It was a case of a motor refusing to function properly without any signs of distress to the onlooker.

In order to make the set serviceable, provision was made to start it from the direct-current generator by supplying it with power from another set remotely situated in the same mine. As no adequate starting equipment was available, a barrel of water was used to limit the current at starting. By handling in this way, the revolving parts were allowed to reach a speed of about 900 revolutions per minute when the power was disconnected from the generator end and the alternating current was switched to the motor. When so connected to its proper supply it operated as heretofore, carrying a momentary overload of 100 per cent and, I dare say, to the amazement of all concerned.

Here was a motor-generator set that started satisfactorily from the alternating end for years, but now refused. When started from the direct-current end it behaved normally. What was the trouble Finally new coils were placed in the revolving part and the problem was solved. It was determined that short-circuited turns in the revolving field coils, due to deteriorated insulation caused all the trouble and so altered the starting characteristics of the motor that it would reach only one-half rated speed with full voltage applied.

"Knock Me When I'm Dead"

(Author Unknown)

I've noticed when a fellow dies, no matter what he's been,
A saintly chap or one who's life is darkly steeped in sin;
His friends forget the bitter words they spoke but
yesterday
And now they find a multitude of pretty things to say,
Some kindly word or goodly act long buried out of sight.
But if it's all the same to you, just give to me instead
The bouquets while I'm living, and "knock" me when I'm
dead.

Don't save all your kisses to imprint upon my marble brow
While countless maledictions are hurled upon me now.
What do I care if when I'm dead the "Bloomington
Gazette"
Gives me a write up with a cut in mourning borders set?
It would not flatter me a bit, no matter what it said,
So gently throw your bouquets now, and "knock" me
when I'm dead.

It may be nice when one is dead to hear the folks talk so—
To have the flowers come in loads from relatives you know,
It may be fine to have these things for those you leave
behind,
But just as far as I'm concerned, I really do not mind.
I'm quite alive and well today, so while I linger here
Lend me a helping hand at times, give me a word of cheer.
Just change the game a little bit, just kindly swap the decks
For I will be no judge of flowers when I've cashed in my
checks.

—Printed by request of R. F. Spicer, Reliance.

Who's Who With Us

George Young, Rock Springs, Wyoming

Vice President, District No. 22, United Mine Workers of America

BARTLETT'S "History of Wyoming" gives a short resume of the activities of Dr. George Young, written when he was a member of the Wyoming State Senate—one of the native sons of Rock Springs has given to the service of the state and who left the impress of a kindly, thoughtful and courteous gentleman wherever that service has called him. Quoting the history:

"He is one of Wyoming's native sons, his birth having occurred at Rock Springs on the 7th of October, 1884, his parents being George L. and Euphemia (Chambers) Young. Mr. Young had come to the state in 1869, at which time he took up his abode in Rock Springs. Mrs. Young was also a pioneer of the west, becoming a resident of Salt Lake in 1866 and in 1870 of Rock Springs. They were married in Bryant, near Granger—one of the most historic old towns of the west.

"George Young received his education in the public schools of Rock Springs, after which he began working in the mines near his native city. He was thus engaged until 1914, when he became traveling auditor for organized labor, and in December, 1915, he was elected vice president of District No. 22 of the United Mine Workers, his office to expire on April 1, 1918, when he was re-elected for another two-year term. He is now acting in that capacity and is doing excellent work as the second executive officer of the district, which has a membership of eight thousand in various local organizations.

George Young and his daughter Betty Jane

"Mr. Young is well known in Masonic circles, having become a Consistory Mason and also a member of the Mystic Shrine. He is likewise a member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles. His political allegiance has always been given to the democratic party and he has been one of the most active and earnest workers in its ranks in Wyoming. In 1913 he was elected to represent his district in the House of Representatives, and in 1915 was re-elected. On January 9, 1917, he became a member of the Senate for a four years' term, and he is connected with much important constructive legislation. He introduced the amendment to the Workmen's Compensation Law and put forth his best effort to secure the passage of an eight-hour law for women. He also assisted in putting through the bill for a labor commission."

He was, at that time, the only member in the legislature to carry a union card, and was made a member of the Committee on Labor, where his practical knowledge of the conditions among workingmen proved a valuable element in committee discussions.

Mr. Young was married on May 4, 1920, to Miss Lydia J. Foster, who was a sister of Superintendent Tom Foster of Winton and was one of the most lovable and loved young women of the entire district. Mrs. Young died on January 26, 1922, before she had time to enjoy her beautiful little daughter, who was born on January 5, 1922, and who makes her home with her aunt, Mrs. Jack Foster.

Mr. Young continued to be prominently associated with the United Mine Workers of America, to whose interests he gives vital concern and many years of wide experience and constructive thinking. He was re-elected in December, 1924, and serves as State Vice President at this writing.

Betty Jane, his daughter, is her father's pal. She would just as soon have been called "Jackie," and she ordered Old Santa to bring her "Jackie" type of gifts, like a sled and wagon. Santa, being a most understanding old gentleman, sent them right along, and Miss Betty may safely trust her school mates to some day supply the most desirable of nick names.

Hugh MeLeod, State Coal Mine Inspector of Wyoming

Hugh McLeod was born in the mining town of Wellwood, Ayrshire, Scotland, on the 26th of February, 1883. He attended the Public School there until he was nine years old, when his parents moved to Lesmahagow Lanarkshire, Scotland. Here he pursued his studies in the Public School until he was twelve, when he went into the coal mines to follow the occupation of his father, who had worked in the coal mines of Scotland all his life.

His first job in the mines was that of a pusher, and for eleven years he followed the mining of coal in various positions. Then, like many thousands of young Scottish miners who had heard of the opportunities that the United States offered to the young and strong who were willing to work, he sailed for this country on January 13, 1906. He went directly to Dietz, then one of the largest coal mining towns in Northern Wyoming.

Hugh McLeod

He worked in the mines at Dietz as a miner until 1908 and then moved to Old Acme and worked in the mine there until the old mine was worked out and closed down in 1914. With the other miners from the old camp he moved

down to New Acme, where he continued to work in the mines until April 1, 1918, when he assumed the duties of International Board Member for District No. 22, a position to which he was elected by the miners of Wyoming in December, 1917. He served on the International Executive Board until February, 1920, having been re-elected for his second term in December, 1919. Mr. McLeod resigned in February, 1920, and went back to the mines at Acme, where for five years he was employed as Mine Foreman. Resigning from this position in September, 1924, he went back to the face as a miner and was thus employed at the time he was appointed State Coal Mine Inspector and assumed the duties as Inspector of Mines for Wyoming on the 22nd of April, 1925.

Harry F. Holmes

Representative of the Local Union on the All-Reliance Christmas Committee.

Harry F. Holmes of Reliance was born at Whitwell, Tennessee, in September, 1893. He grew to manhood in the south and was educated in the public schools of Tennessee. In 1916 Mr. Holmes came to Wyoming and began to work for The Union Pacific Coal Company at Superior. Then Uncle Sam went to war and was calling his sons. Holmes enlisted in the A. E. F., was placed in the Infantry and saw service in several of the heavy engagements of the Meuse-Argonne drive. He was wounded on Hill 224, made famous because it was the scene of the heroic action which won for Sergeant York the high peak he holds in the annals of American heroism. Mr. Holmes was evacuated to hospital and was almost ready for orders back to his regiment when the Armistice came.

Harry F. Holmes

After being mustered out, he went to Utah and was there married to Miss Dorothy Gray of Parowan. They came to Reliance to make their home and have been residents ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes have three children, and Mr. Holmes enjoys taking part in any plans for the benefit of the youngsters of the town. He is the representative of the local union on the All-Reliance Christmas committee and—well he took Old Santa on a personally conducted tour of the town to celebrate Christmas, 1926.

Mrs. Edith Rose Dickinson

A Talented Singer

Mrs. Edith Rose Dickinson is the wife of General Superintendent A. W. Dickinson, and is a valuable asset to Rock Springs, with her very fine and splendidly trained singing voice. She was, before coming west, a pupil of one of America's foremost voice instructors, John W. Bohn of St. Louis, in whose school she was also a teacher in voice.

In September, Mrs. Dickinson sang at the Salt Lake Tabernacle for a Sunday service, giving "Come, Ye Blessed" to the accompaniment of the famous Tabernacle organ played by Edward Kimball, first organist. At the invitation of G. E. Knapp, Director of Division of Music, University of Wyoming, she sang the soprano solos for the student presentation of "The Messiah" during Christmas week.

Mrs. Dickinson is most generous with her talent in all the musical programs of Rock Springs and District. The Girl Scouts have claimed her as their "Singer Dick" and the Woman's Choral Club as its Director. She directs the choir of the So. Side Catholic Church and had charge of the special music for Christmas Midnight Mass.

Mrs. Edith Rose Dickinson

World's Largest High Pressure Boiler Serves Milwaukee (Wis.) Area

The world's largest high pressure boiler, a machine so big that an average home could be built in its fire box, is now at work helping supply the rapidly growing demand for electric service throughout Milwaukee.

The boiler and two turbo-generators comprise the latest addition to the Lakeside power plant of the Milwaukee Electric Light and Power Company. Installed at a cost of $2,200,000, the new units have a capacity of 37,000 kilowatts. This is equal to the entire Sunday demand for current in all of eastern and southern Wisconsin. Completion of the addition brings the capacity of Lakeside up to 167,000 kilowatts. This huge plant is now capable of doing as much hard physical work in one day as 670,000 strong horses or 5,400,000 able-bodied men.

The new boiler generates steam under pressure of 1,250 pounds per square inch, as compared with 300 pounds generally employed in power plants. The fact that the heat in steam is more useful under higher pressure gives the new installation great efficiency. The high pressure steam is used as a special, new turbine, expanding in twenty separate steps down to the pressure of the other turbines, where it is used over again, thus improving the economy of the station as a whole.

Boiler drums with metal walls five inches thick are needed to hold this steam. Its force is sufficient to lift four adults, could their weight be concentrated on a 5-cent piece. The water in the boiler if released through an efficient nozzle would spurt 3,000 feet into the air, or fifteen times the height of the Majestic building.

The use of steam at such high pressure marks a new epoch in steam power practice. It is the second revolutionary step taken by this company in power plant design. The first innovation, the use of powdered fuel, for which Lakeside became world famous six years ago, is already being followed in most new installations.

—From News and Views.

Winton Has An Athletic Club Room

More changes and improvements! Winton has turned the "old wash house," which has given place to the splendid new bathhouse, into an athletic club room and game room for the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the First Aid Club and the younger boys and girls of Winton.

"And Then Santa Met the Band"

CHRISTMAS was near at hand, and the children—with expectant hearts—were jubilant at the thought that "Dear Ol' Santa" was on his way to Winton. (Of course, Santa promised to visit Winton **first** this year, and then pay his respects to the other children, because what I am going to tell you about occurred on the 22nd day of December at the Winton Opera House.)

Weeks before the day that made Winton wear that smile, the youth were optimistically entertaining the hope that "Old Mother Earth" would be adorned with the beautiful white blanket, which makes Santa's sleigh glide so swiftly and so "smooth and even." For how could Christmas be Christmas without snow, and how could the "Old Boy" deliver the goods otherwise? Perhaps he could use a Ford ("smooth and even").

Anyway, Santa arrived, and so did the snow, and Winton folks gathered at the Community Christmas tree, which was beautifully decorated and substantially propped by Ben's Gladiators to support the overladen boughs.

With considerable promptness the hall was filled to its capacity, and everyone wore that expression which marks that he or she are anticipating an evening of real Christmas joy. The air itself, brisk but calm, endeavored to assist in making the evening a happy one.

Majestically, as well as statically, with instruments shining as of gold (but they're not) reposed the Winton Band, confident that their part would "go over big." Before this harmonic group stood the Sage of the Band, "Jeem" himself, wielding the stick which registers every beat and flinches at every discord. "Marko," with the Sousaphone entwined about his person, sitting as erect as a statue, renders him "hm-pa" as natural and regular as the tick-tock of a clock. And Hiro, the Clarinet Phenomenon, appears to be in discomfort, but no doubt at ease, responds to every beat and measure.

After a selection by the band, which marked the opening of hostilities, the school gladdened our hearts with their songs of Christmas tidings, skilfully woven about the school play, "Joe's Christmas." This program was supported by the entire student body—the four grades co-operating, and presenting a very clever arrangement of Christmas entertainment. Some of the songs that appeared during the evening were:

Silent Night.....All pupils and band
Hark! The Herald Angel Sings.....All pupils
Oh, the Little Town of Bethlehem.....Solo
Jolly Old St. Nicholas.....Primary pupils
Jingle Bells.....All pupils
Cradle Hymn.....Primary pupils
Jingle Song.....Intermediate grades
Joy to the World.....All pupils and band

While the gifts for the children were being made ready, the band played several snappy selections, which, through the gratitude expressed, met the approval of all those present.

The gifts being distributed, the happy populace dispersed, pleased because they had enjoyed the evening, and glad because the children were happy.

SO NOW LET'S GET SETTLED FOR A BRIGHT AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

Still Hunting.

Johnny: "Dad, teacher said something today about finding the greatest common divisor."

Father (with a trace of disgust): "Haven't they found that yet? Why, they were hunting for it when I was a boy." —Vancouver Columbian.

Didn't Fit.

Restaurant Manager (to the orchestra conductor): "I wish you'd display a little more tact in choosing your music. We have the national association of umbrella manufacturers here tonight, and you just played 'It ain't goin' to rain no more'!"

Members of the Winton Community Band

Back row, standing, left to right: Louis Guitay, Jr., Percy Groutage, Pete Sikich, Eli Evanoff, Thos. Horn, Jr., Louis Ruiz, Tom Mesich, Mark Workllen, R. Menghini, J. E. Scanlon, Fred Groutage, Lawrence Kinyon, Blaine Fowkes.

Seated, left to right: Mrs. H. M. Miller, Mildred Foster, Mary Foster, Katherine Fowkes, Emeline Guitay, Joe Pinar, Nick Kragovich, Joe Kragovich, Lidio Tamasini, Heiro Matsumoto, Taivo Keeonen, Robert Dodds, Harold Scanlin, W. H. Groutage and Martin Kolarich.

With drums—Emil Ross and R. A. Dodds.

Extreme right—Director James Sartoris.

Christmas, 1926—One Long To Be Remembered

The Story of the Christmas Celebrations Held at Rock Springs, Reliance, Superior, Winton, Cumberland and Hanna

IT'S the morning after Christmas and everybody's asking everybody else if they had a good Christmas. Did we have a happy—a good Christmas? We did. A Christmas of joyful planning and careful get-together, all together; everybody's shoulder-to-the-wheel, working and practising and learning. A Christmas of happy sharing in a way that made us feel most surely the nice, big family we really are. We had a wonderful Christmas!

First, we had just the right amount of snow to cover our rather bare hills and to make a background for the gorgeous red of Old Santa's coat as he went about to visit us all—and, too, for the many colored lights of the Christmas trees which our Community Councils prepared for Santa. Then so many folks and organizations and choral clubs and Scouts and singers and fathers and mothers were interested in preparing for Christmas that somehow the Christmas spirit just spread and spread. And it was the comfortablest sort of a feeling to know that while we were enjoying our tree and Christmas program in one town, everybody was having as good a time in the other towns of our district.

Cumberland had two trees, one in each town, with Messrs. B. Woolrich, Sam Wilde and Pete Berliffi the Christmas committee of Town Two, and Messrs. Steve Hunter, Percy Morrison, Ace Rounds, Bert Williams, Wm. McIntosh and Jackie Fearne the Christmas committee of Town One. There was a wonderful Christmas program, and gifts for everybody. The ladies of the community had made bags for Santa to fill with candy and goodies. And did Santa do his best? He surely did! There were bulging bags for every single boy and girl. Then on the afternoon of Christmas day the committee provided a dance for the children and in the evening a dance for the grown-ups, with music by the Cumberland Band.

In Reliance the local union and the Community Council united in plans for a gorgeous out-of-doors tree, feet and feet and feet up in the air. On Christmas eve the Union Sunday School, which is superintended by Mr. and Mrs. Guy Thomas, put on a Christmas pageant fantasy, called "A Palace of Dreams," and the Community Chorus sang all the old Christmas carols, led by Mr. Wm. Sisk.

Mr. Mike Korogi was the chairman of the Christmas committee and Messrs. Joe Mitchelson and Harry Holmes conducted Santa Claus on a trip which took him to visit every boy and girl in Reliance. Then the Sunday School of the Church of Latter Day Saints gave a very fine Christmas entertainment on Wednesday evening, which everybody enjoyed very much. Everybody helped to make it a memorable holiday time.

Santa Claus spent Wednesday evening, the 22nd, at Winton, where the Winton Community Council had arranged a huge Christmas tree, a splendid program of carols and a playette and band music. Everybody was in the hall early to greet Old Santa, and because Winton's program came on Wednesday, he had time to make a speech. And isn't he the most adorable old gentleman! He praised the Winton Band, said he remembered it wasn't there when he visited last year—then he said he'd like to give the very largest bags of goodies to the band members. He thanked the committee, Messrs. Stewart McDowell, Jack Scanlin, Carl Carlson; Mesdames Joe Liddell and John Henderson, for their efficient arrangement. He's an appreciative old friend.

And of course Santa couldn't manage without help. When he got to Superior and found nine hundred children, he must have been glad that Mr. Harry Wylam, chairman of the Community Council, began to make plans for his coming, and that he had the whole-hearted support of the many fine organizations which are represented in the Superior Council. Two troops of Girl Scouts and one troop of Boy Scouts were on hand to help, too. The tree was placed in the Square in front of the Community Church, and not ever have we seen a finer sight, as the folks of Superior and the children of Superior came down the snow-clad hills and across the open spaces of the playing fields to meet around their huge tree on the eve of Christmas, to sing again the old songs which tell of the birth of Him whose birthday had united our thinking and has forever dedicated this day to childhood. We could wish that all the Scrooges (before the visit of the Spirit of Christmas Present) of the world were there to see and to feel the thrill of this uniting of many races and many creeds in one family.

Then in Hanna, Mesdames Hugh Penny, J. W. Penny, S. I. Rodda and S. L. Morgan were appointed the Christmas committee by the Community Council, and just everybody and every organization in Hanna helped. Hanna's High School Glee Club sang hymns and carols; the children of the grades put on a very fine program;

(Please turn to page 20)

A Carol After Christmas

Cast on the fire the wreath of withered holly,
And so,
The mistletoe;
Lp the great chimney where Saint Nick descended,
Now let the smoke-drift go.

Strip from the tree the trinkets and the tapers;
And now
Each barren bough
Give to the blaze that, leaping, shall consume it,
And no least twig allow.

Christmas is gone! Ye little, laughing children,
Who see
The burning tree—
Think, for a moment solemn in the firelight,
How great your blessings be!

Send up, like smoke from bough and wreath and berry,
Your thanks to God, who made your Christmas merry.

Train 18 stops to hear Rock Springs' Girl Scouts sing Christmas carols.

Christmas, 1926—One Long To Be Remembered

(Continued from page 18)

Miss Lillian Skinner told the Christmas story, and everybody sang a song of praise to the Christ Child whose birthday would be the morrow. The Hanna Band played Christmas music, and then everybody gathered around the huge tree, which was lighted as gorgeously as anything we ever did sce and from which Old Santa himself took gifts for all the children. The local unions had helped. The business men had helped. Fraternal organizations and churches helped. It's a good thing they did. Such a family as Santa had in Hanna! And such a tree! Never was a finer Christmas celebration!

Rock Springs' Community Club, with its chairman, Mr. Jack Ramsey, had to make a census to find out how many little folks we should ask Santa Claus to allot to us in Rock Springs. Do you know how many there were? 'Most a thousand! Poor Old Santa Claus, what would he do without lots of help? But somehow he's been such a tried and true friend through the years that no one ever shirks when it comes to helping him. So up went a tree in the school yard. Mr. Morgan Roberts decoratcd it; Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Matt Medill, Mrs. Powell, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Rodda and Mr. R. Stanton were the members of the Christmas committee. The committee and a lot of helpers met in Lowell School early in Christmas week to prepare treats in such form as Santa could handle. Then was everybody glad of the advice of veterans, young and old, like Mr. Wm. Rodda, Mrs. Medill, Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Campbell. On Thursday evening Santa promised to be at the tree—and such a gathering as there was to meet him. Mr. Ramsay had arranged a program of Christmas music, and joyfully everybody joined in the old songs.

Were the committees tired? Well, perhaps they were a little, but not one member of any Christmas committee is there who does not say: "We had a wonderful time." And:

"Send up our thanks to God, who made our Christmas merry."

Hanna Community Christmas Tree

The Hanna Community Christmas tree celebration and entertainment was held as arranged by the Hanna Community Council at the Opera House on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1926.

At 6:00 p. m. the Opera House was filled to overflowing by the expectant and happy youngsters and their parents, and the entertainment commenced by selections by the Hanna Band, entitled "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and "Come, All Ye Faithful." To the left of the stage stood a beautiful Christmas tree, artistically decorated with colored electric lights and ornaments and with a large star illuminated with varied colored lights at the top. At 6:15 sharp the following program was rendered:

Invocation	Rev. Francis M. Bacon
Selection	High School Orchestra
Opening remarks	T. H. Butler
Selection	School Glee Club
Address	Miss Lilian Skinner
Selection	High School Orchestra
Playette	School Children
Selection	School Glee Club

Santa Claus then arrived, and after greeting the children with a hand-shake and wishing them all a Merry Christmas, presented each child fifteen years of age and under with a large stocking filled with candy, nuts, an orange and an apple, and a small bank containing four new quarters.

The celebration is considered a success in every way, and the Hanna Community Council does hereby tender their thanks to all individuals and organizations for contributions and assistance, which made the Community Christmas tree celebration for the year 1926 one long to be remembered.

After the program was finished, the Girls' Friendly Socicty of the Episcopal church, under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Morgan, made the rounds singing Christmas carols, this being made possible by the use of a wagon and team of horses provided by the Union Pacific Coal Company, driven by Mr. William Nelson, who volunteered his services for the occasion.

The First White House Bathtub

How America and the White House Secured Bath Tubs

THE first White House bathtub played a significant part in the history of American tubbing. Before its installation by President Fillmore, in 1851, the complete immersion of the human body was regarded in this country as undemocratic and unhealthy.

Stuart, visiting the United States in the early half of the nineteenth century, wrote in his book "Three Years in America".

"In fact, I have found it more difficult in traveling in the United States to procure a liberal supply of water at all times of the day and night in my bed chamber than to obtain any other necessity. A supply for washing the face and hands once a day is all that is thought requisite."

Even in England, where all early American styles originated, bathing at this period was rather an annual visit to a watering place than a daily habit. It seems strange that this custom, so common in ancient times—Homer repeatedly describes the laving of Ulysses, and history tells us of the great Roman municipal baths—was not practiced in England and America. But when every city in Europe had its bathing establishments, and even the serfs and the African barbarians had the vapor bath, made by pouring water on an enclosure of large heated stones, the private plunge had not found favor in English-speaking countries.

Lord John Russell was one of the first Englishmen to install an enormous sort of dishpan in his home, which he enjoyed in spite of all ridicule. It was his tub that interested an American, who, in turn, "sold" the idea to a president of the United States.

The American was Adam Thompson, a cotton and grain dealer of Cincinnati, who, by way of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and New Orleans, occasionally visited Europe. On his return from England in 1842 he decided that he, too, would contrive a private bathing feature in his house.

Being a man of means, he had a pump fitted to his well. With six colored men working it, enough water could be hoisted to fill a cypress tank in the garret. A triumph of ingenuity was a coil of pipes rigged up in the chimney and heated by the large grate fires.

Thompson then had a cabinet maker design a tub. Made of mahogany, it was seven feet long, four feet wide and weighed 1,750 pounds. To prevent the floor succumbing to its weight, the beams were reinforced.

On December 20. 1842, it is recorded that Mr. Thompson treated himself to two baths—a cold one in the morning and a warm one in the afternoon. A few days later he afforded the treat to some Christmas visitors. But it was not until March, 1850, that the "Adam" tub was honored by the form of a future president.

Meantime, the newspapers had heard of the innovation, and denunciation followed. The bath was described as an epicurean, obnoxious toy from England, designed to corrupt the democratic simplicity of the republic. It was attacked by the medical fraternity as a producer of rheumatic fevers, inflammatory lungs and all zymotic diseases.

Finally, it became the target of the law. In 1843 the

(Please turn to page 22)

Upper—Winton Christmas Celebration.

Center—Christmas Tree erected by Rock Springs Community Club. President Ramsay and his committee all ready for the children of Number Four.

Lower—Reliance boys and girls gather to celebrate the Yuletide.

Oval—Superior's Native Christmas Tree on the crest of the hill above the Amusement Hall.

The First White House Bath Tub

(Continued from page 20)

Philadelphia Common Council considered an ordinance prohibiting bathing between November 1 and March 15, which failed of passage by only two votes. The legislature of Virginia laid a tax of $30 a year on all bathtubs set up in certain towns. Special and very heavy water rates were levied on those who had them. In 1845 Boston made bathing unlawful except upon medical advice.

In spite of the law's antagonism and doctors' warnings, Mr. Fillmore, as vice president on a stumping tour in 1850, asked to see the "Adam" tub when he passed through Cincinnati. Chamberlain, his biographer, records his bath in the original tub. After his succession to the presidency he instructed the secretary of war, General Charles M. Conrad, to invite tenders for the construction of a bathtub in the White House.

This action renewed the outcry of the press against such "monarchical luxury." Neither Mount Vernon nor Monticello had bathtubs, it was contended, and former presidents had carried on the business of the nation without them.

President Fillmore was not to be swerved from his purpose. He succeeded in getting Congress to call for bids, and the contract for the White House bathtub was awarded to Harper & Gillespie, a firm of Philadelphia engineers. These gentlemen proposed to furnish a tub of thin cast iron that would float the longest man. The tub was literally successful, for it elicited no complaint from so long a man as President Lincoln. Moreover, it served to popularize the bathtub in American homes.

By 1860 the president's example had stemmed the flow of unfavorable criticism and newspaper advertisements indicated that every hotel in New York had a tub—some even two and three—and thus ended the American tale of a tub.

Old Wyoming

Take me back to old Wyoming, where there's plenty room and air,
Where there's cottonwood and pine trees, greasewood and prickly pear,
Where there ain't no pomp nor glitter, where a shillin's called a bit,
Where at night the magpies twitter where Injun fights were fit.

Wyoming, Wyoming, land of the sunlight clear,
Wyoming, Wyoming, land that we hold most dear,
Wyoming, Wyoming, blessed art thou and thine,
Wyoming, Wyoming, beloved state of mine.

Take me where the land is plenty, where there's rattlesnakes and ticks,
Where a stack of whites cost twenty and they don't sell golden bricks,
Where the old sun-tanned prospector dreams of wealth and pans his dirt,
Where the sleepy night herd puncher sings to steers and plys his quirt.

Take me where there ain't no subways nor forty-story shacks,
Where they shy at automobiles, dudes, plug hats and three-rail tracks.
Land of alkali and cattle, land of sage brush and of gold.
Take me back to old Wyoming, let me die there when I'm old.

Roundup scene at Mill Creek, near Elk Mountain, in the early eighties. A bit of old Wyoming.

—Picture by courtesy of Mr. T. H. Butler.

William M. Mossop

One of the very first families to settle in Tono, before Tono was a town at all, was that of William Mossop, who was born in Newcastle, England, in 1864.

Mr. Mossop came to America in 1879, going first to Tennessee. Later he worked in the coal districts of Missouri and then moved to Tono, where he helped to open the Tono mine. Through busy times and quiet times he has worked in Tono and now is pump man for the Washington Union Coal Company.

The two sons of the Mossop family served with the A. E. F. in the World War, and taking an interest in the affairs of the community and of public interest is the rule in the Mossop household.

Mr. Mossop is a member of Centralia Lodge of the Knights of Pythias. He's not so very sure that he'd ever want to go back to the Old Land—the state of Washington and Tono suit him "right down to the ground."

William J. Rodda

A Rock Springs Old-Timer

William J. Rodda, Secretary-Treasurer of the Central Labor Union, is one of the very few members of the Old Timers' Association who was born in Rock Springs. He is a real Wyomingite and has seen the growth of the city and the steady advance of Wyoming into statehood. He was born on the north side of Rock Springs in October, 1878, and went to school here when the school system was housed in one tiny three-room frame building. Professor Read was principal and Mrs. Bidwell was his class teacher. Many classmates were the now prominent citizens of Rock Springs, and Mr. Rodda enjoys recalling incidents in which they took part. He remembers one time when a group of cowboys tried to ride into the school a la the very latest wild west movie or Tom Mix at his best.

He recalls the Chinese riot and the stirring times which followed it and kept every Rock Springs boy on the alert to be in on the unusual happenings.

Mr. Rodda was married on October 23, 1900, to Miss Janie McQuillan, and has three sons—William, Jr., Ivin and George.

Always active in lodge and union local work, Mr. Rodda has held many offices in Rock Springs and has been many times a member of the committee that has made Rock Springs famous for its Labor Day celebrations. He is Secretary of Rock Springs' Community Club and of the local lodge of the Knights of Pythias. He led the parade at the first Old Timers' Association celebration, enjoyed last year's fete and hopes the banquet, with its opportunity to get close to old friends, will always be a part of the celebration.

The Rodda family, Rock Springs. Standing, back: Ivin Rodda, William Rodda, Jr. Left to right, front: Mrs. Rodda, George Rodda and William J. Rodda.

John K. Johnson

Old-Time Employe of Tono

John Johnson, a real Old Timer, now resident in Tono, was born in Finland in 1873 and came to America in 1899. Stories of the great New West had reached him. The West had been his goal, so he came directly to Hanna, where he began his service with The Union Pacific Coal Company. In 1907 he went to Cumberland, where he was a track-layer. He liked Cumberland very much. There was less wind there. He enjoyed the hunting indulged in by the Cumberland men of the early days.

J. K. Johnson

In 1915 Mr. Johnson made a visit to Finland, but, while he had to acknowledge the superior beauty of his homeland, he was glad to get back to America.

The members of Mr. Johnson's family are all near him in Washington state. He has one son and five daughters. Three are married; two daughters teach school and one is at home with her parents.

Mr. Johnson remembers most kindly and sends greetings to: the Axel Johnstons of Cumberland, the Miller girls, who were tiny when he knew them, and Mr. Frank L. McCarty, under whom he did his first work in Hanna when Mr. McCarty was outside foreman there.

Joy and Duty

"Joy is a duty"—so with golden lore
The Hebrew rabbis taught in days of yore,
And happy human hearts heard in their speech
Almost the highest wisdom man can reach.

But one bright peak still rises far above,
And there the Master stands whose name is Love,
Saying to those whom weary tasks employ:
"Life is divine when duty is a joy."

—Henry Van Dyke.

Tono

Snuggled in the hills of Washington,
Where peace and quiet reign,
Lies a little town called "Tono",
That calls me again and again.

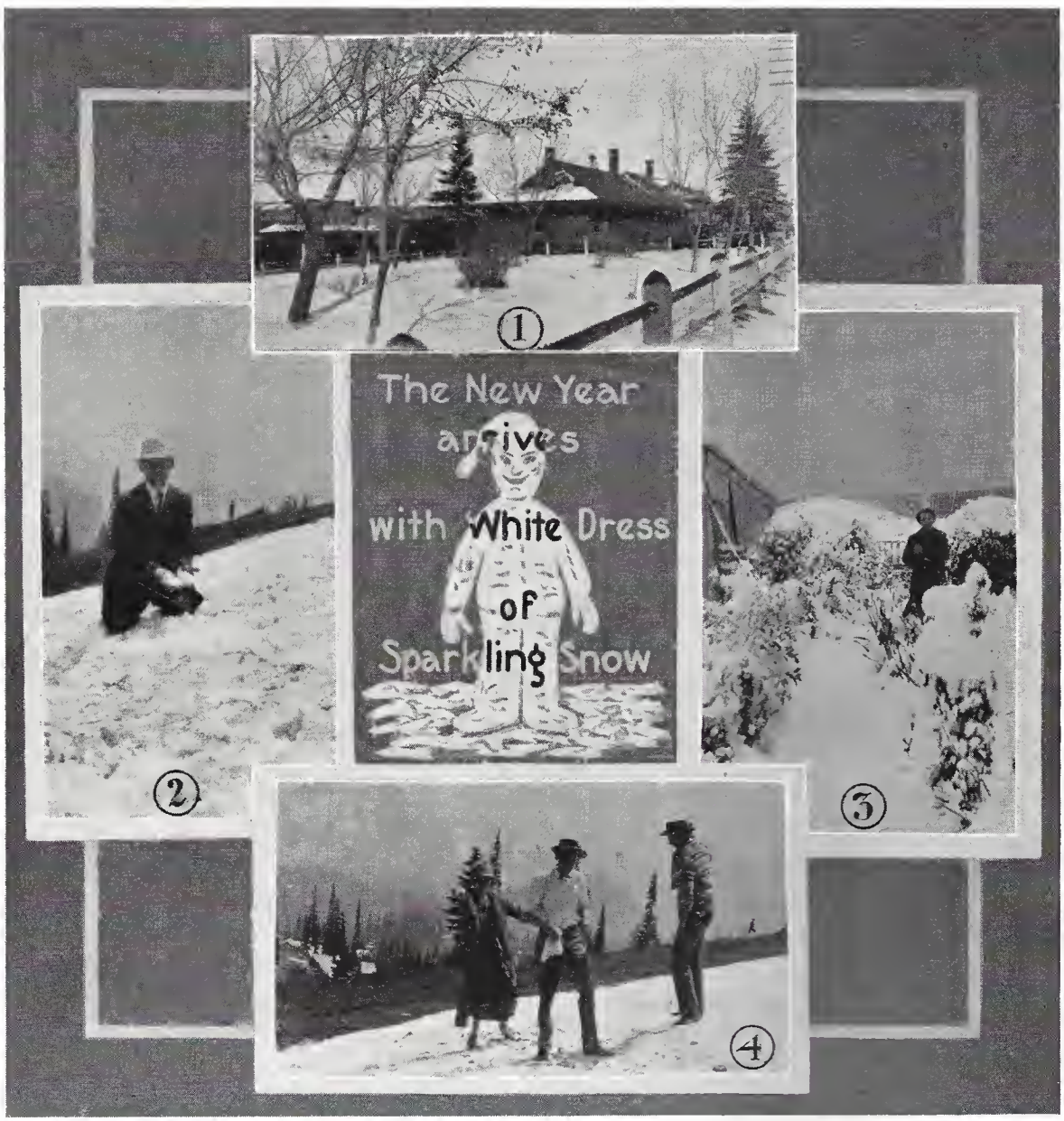
As I enter this little village,
I pause at the crest of the hill;
There the beauty of Nature thrills me,
So quiet, so inviting, so still.

When I saunter down to the village,
Through streets of cinders and clay,
Far away from the noise of traffic,
Where a child may safely play.

There I meet these kindly people,
Who work and love and play,
Who forget the past and tomorrow,
And live their lives today.

So is it any wonder
That when He drew his plans with care,
He chose this little valley
And planted treasures there.

—By E. M. Adams, Portland.



1. *Rock Springs Depot Park.*
2. *Mr. E. C. Way of Tono challenges all comers to a snow battle.*
3. *Snow enshrouds the Charles Croft garden at Rainbow Avenue, Rock Springs.*
4. *Mrs. E. C. Way, Messrs. Charles and Mark Way at Paradise Inn, Mount Rainier, Washington.*

Is It Our Concern?

A Review of the Work Accomplished Under the Shepherd-Towner Act

WOMEN'S magazines over the country are carrying editorials urging for a continuation of the Federal appropriations for what we know as Shephard-Towner work, or infant and maternal welfare nurses; women's organizations, headed by the Federation of Women's Clubs, are sending messages and preparing to lobby for a continuation of what is perhaps the biggest achievement of organized womanhood in America.

Let us review it. The Shepherd-Towner act was passed in 1921 after a three-year long strenuous educational and legislative campaign carried on by women's organizations, leaders and press. The act appropriated money for a five-year period. That period expires next June. Last winter the House overwhelmingly passed a bill to extend it for two years. Careful records have been kept Figures were compiled to show the results of the work. How is the money divided? Five thousand dollars is given outright to each state. And the rest is given only in such amounts as the states are willing to match with additional appropriations from their own funds. Forty-three states have accepted the provisions of the act, almost nation-wide was the need felt. And most of the states which did not accept the provisions of the Shepherd-Towner act were those which already had state programs of public health nursing. Each state has made its program to fit its own needs, the work being under the direction of the State Department of Health—and under the advisory direction of the Children's Bureau in Washington, whose head, Miss Julia Lathrop, has given years of large, wise and strenuous service to the country.

And results? In two years nearly 600,000 babies were examined, 75,000 mothers given proper advice, and nearly 10,000 expectant mothers visited. Mothers' classes were organized and attended by more than 160,000. Classes for little mothers—older sisters who do so much of the child-caring in many homes—were organized in 5,000 places. Some 26,000 child health conferences were held and 1,700 infant welfare stations founded. The work of the infant welfare nurse has won the endorsement of doctors and public health authorities, and the nurse herself has come to be the best friend of mothers everywhere.

This session of Congress will be pressed to pass the bill to extend the appropriation sufficiently early to allow state legislatures, many of which are about to meet, to make their appropriations to match the federal grants. Women all over our land will help do this.

But is this all women can do—should do? Having fought for and gotten the appropriations, is it not our concern to see that our own state uses and supports the work in the best possible way, advising with and working with the Children's Bureau? Is it not a progressive task, one which demands that we walk along with it? And, having taxed ourselves for infant and maternal health education, that the value of such education be demonstrated, ought we not to see that the demonstrators have the best chance to accomplish their task? Nurses of excellent experience and with specific public health training only are engaged to do the work. Nurses' organizations are the most anxious to have such standards maintained. Can we not all help?

Here Are Some Housekeeping-made-easy Suggestions Sent Us

For Cleaning the Top of My Kitchen Stove
I use a blackboard eraser. It is much more satisfactory than a cloth and keeps the hands from becoming soiled.

When I Remove a Fruit Stain
from table linen I hold the cloth in embroidery hoops. In this way it is easy to keep it in place over a bowl while pouring the boiling water directly onto the stain.

To Distribute the Oil Evenly
on my oil mop was a problem until I hit upon the plan of spraying it on with a small spray such as is used for insect repellents.

For Convenience in Ironing
embroidered initials and other things that need a soft surface I have a small block about twelve inches square attached to the broad end of my ironing board. The block is firmly padded and fastened to the board with two pieces of leather from an old belt, cut long enough to allow the pad to swing up into position for use.

Save the Tinsel Cord
from Christmas packages, or purchase some slightly tarnished, at the bargain counter. Crochet it in six-inch size, round or square, and you will have an excellent dish cloth for cooking utensils.

To Keep the Moulding Board
from slipping when it is used on a porcelain topped table or cabinet, place a damp cloth under it. The same idea can be used with a mixing bowl.

You Ask Me Who I Am and I Shall Tell You

I am the cheapest thing in the world.
With me, men have felt within them the power to move
mountains, to fly
The air as birds, to gain the wealth of Croesus.

I am the secret of happiness. Without me the years are
but a menace,
Old age a tragedy.

I offer myself to you and you do not heed.
I bide my time. Tomorrow you will come begging, but
I shall
Turn aside. I cannot—I will not—be ignored.

I am the sunlight of the day; the star-dotted heaven
of the night.
I hold your future in the hollow of my hand.
I can make of you what I will. I am the door to the
fairyland
Of opportunity; the open road of dreams.

I am the most important thing in the world,
The one thing without which all else is impossible.

You ask me who I am and I shall tell you—
I am GOOD HEALTH.

Holman Hunt's Picture—"The Light of the World"

A Description of a Famous Painting

Several people have asked about the reference made by Mrs. Carl R. Gray, during her Bible studies in October, to Holman Hunt's famous picture, "The Light of the World." So I have looked up a tiny copy of it for us all to see and the all-embracing description of it written by John Ruskin. The painting itself is in Keble College, Oxford, and is considered the best known and most popular picture of a sacred subject ever painted.

Let's read Ruskin's description and then see if we can find all the things he describes in it. Ruskin says:

"On the left of the picture is seen the door of the human soul. It is fast barred, its bars and nails are rusty; it is knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, showing that it has never been opened. A bat hovers over it; its threshold is overgrown with brambles, nettles and fruitless corn. Christ approaches in the night time. He wears the white robe, representing the power of the Spirit upon Him; the jewelled robe and breastplate representing the sacredotal investitude; the rayed crown of gold, interwoven with the crown of thorns—not dead thorns, but now bearing soft leaves, for the healing of the nations. The lantern carried in Christ's hand is the light of conscience. Its fire is red and fierce; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds that encumber it, and on the apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not to one's own guilt alone ,but to the guilt of the world, or hereditary guilt.

"This light is suspended by a chain, wrapped around the wrist of the figure, showing that the light which reveals sin to the sinner, appears also to chain the hand of Christ. The light, which proceeds from the head of the figure, is that of the hope of salvation; it springs from the crown of thorns, and though itself sad, subdued and full of softness, is yet so powerful that it entirely melts into the glow of it the forms of the leaves and boughs which it crosses, showing that every earthly object must be hidden by this light, where its sphere extends."

You remember Mrs. Gray drew our attention to the fact that there is no door knob on the door, no way to enter except by someone inside opening the door. She asked us to remember that Christ knocks at the door of our conscience, but that we ourselves must open it.

The Light of the World

The Sweetest Lives

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining record tells.
Thy life shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich,
A sick man served by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

A New Year

NOTHING new can be said about a new year. It is the time to take account of the old, repent of old sins, carry mistakes to profit and loss and transform their crude one to golden wisdom. It brings little that is new besides itself, and we only exchange the irretrievable past for the hopeful future, the dead certainty, for the living uncertainty. The conquests of intelligence have not perceptibly reduced the area of the unknown. The guides of life are not demonstrations, but opinions, judgments, probabilities and faith. New contingencies arise with new discoveries, and every new fact has a group of new, unfixed circumstances. The future event is as uncertain today as it ever was. The only certainty is principle; as new as today, and as old as the universe.

A Wish

May this day and all the days of the New Year bring to you, and all those who are dear to you, the sunshine of happiness.

The Arrow

Life is an arrow—therefore, you must know
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow—
Then draw it to the head, and let it go!

—Henry Van Dyke.

Girls all Girls

Second Prize Won by Enid Stark

Last month we printed Ruth Mulkay's prize-winning essay, prepared in connection with the local observance of National Girl Scout Good Cheer Week. This month we are publishing the essay submitted by Enid Stark of the Rock Springs Owlettes, which won second prize.

Why I Am a Girl Scout

By Enid Stark of the Rock Spring Owlettes

WHY am I a Girl Scout? A friend of mine asked that question the other day, and my answer was, "Because I like it." The topic was dropped as far as my friend was concerned, but that question stuck in my mind. Surely there was a better reason than that. I thought a lot about it after I went to bed that night, and made up my mind to jot down a few of my reasons, so that the next time anyone asked me I would be able to show them the value of the term "Scouting."

I am writing in terms of a working girl because I have worked in an office for a year and I am beginning to see a few of the working girl's problems.

We all have to be taught to live the right kind of life. Our mothers teach us, and then the teachers take it up until we are through high school; then they drop it. They think they have started us on the right road, that we will simply follow it always. They do not see the little crooked paths that lead over that hill and around that bunch of trees. But they are there just the same, and we all love to explore. Maybe I'm wrong about that. Maybe they do see the little paths, but at any rate the teachers cannot reach us when we are down town in an office. The Scouts CAN reach us; that is where the difference comes in. I know of no higher standard for a girl than the Girl Scout laws. Honor, Loyalty, Usefulness, Friendliness, Courtesy, Kindness, Obedience, Cheerfulness, Thriftiness and Cleanliness—aren't those the essentials of an upright life? If everyone followed those laws, wouldn't it be a wonderful world to live in!

When we were in high school we played basketball, baseball, hikes and all of those things that go to make up a healthful, wholesome life. The Scouts have done more for me than anyone to keep me interested in sports, and if anyone needs sports, it is the office girl. She goes to work at 8 o'clock in the morning and works until 5 or 6 o'clock at night in an office perhaps not too well ventilated. The only exercise she gets is perhaps a short walk to work and back.

To the girl who goes away to four years of college as soon as she finishes high school, it doesn't make so much difference. She gets all of these advantages of life in her college. But to the girl who must stay at home and work in the same place every day, it is wonderful to know that the Scouts are furnishing her recreation, her sports, her associates and her desire to do right.

If an outsider could see the thousand and one things that the Scouts are doing all over the country, how they get their merit badges—by community service, life saving, home-making, nursing, first aid—he would say, as I do, "I am on the Scouts' side."

Winton Girls Have a Bazaar

Captain Grayfe and the Winton Girl Scouts held a successful bazaar on the afternoon of December 18th.

Troop I, the Nyodas, Have a Christmas Party

By Margaret Wilde, Troop Secretary

On the evening of December 23rd, the Nyoda Girl Scout troop had a Christmas party at the Settlement House. After a program of singing, telling Christmas stories and Yuletide games a cafeteria lunch was served. Then came the Christmas tree with presents for everybody and we all went home after planning to meet the early part of Christmas eve for our district carol singing, our contribution to the Christmas spirit of our town.

The Arrival of Summer

By Sadie Auld of Troop VII, age 11 years

Scout Sadie Auld of No. 6, Rock Springs

The sky is gold;
The hills it enfolds;
All is fair
But the ground is still bare.

All around
Is the dark, bare ground;
While on the high mountain peak,
The snow lies white and deep.

Then comes the first of May
When all the flowers have come to stay
While snow is melting fast away.

At last! Summer is here,
With all the flowers that are so dear;
The snow has gone from the hills away,
Ho-ray! for summer so fair! Ho-ray!

Owlettes and Climbers

Rock Springs Owlettes entertained the Superior Climbers at a Co-Ed party on the night of December 11th. The Union Pacific Club House was turned into a dimly lighted Inn of Old England, "Ye Jolly Rodger" and only a tiny imagination was needed to take one back to Dickens with "Ye Merry Mug of Ale" and "Ye Tartes" for refreshments. Ruth Crocker, the Owlettes' artistic member, was responsible for the beautifully decorated "cards of the day" and Betty Arnott and Nell Young are planning to go into period house decorating after their experience.

Superior Climbers is now the largest senior troop in the district and, with their new captain, Mrs. Hagenstein, is a much-to-be-admired group. We know Babe Girard made a wonderful boy. But where, oh where, did Veva Wylam get all the pale blue, matched to the minute dress accessories—wasn't she a handsome man? Nearly as handsome as Rud—or Mary Matthews. The Climbers gave an impromptu rendition of the play they recently presented at the Superior Opera House, which was much enjoyed.

Lo-Le Wah Club at Tono

Dorothy Hunter, Corresponding Secretary of the Lo-Le-Wah Girls Club of Tono, writes a most interesting account of her Club's activities. The officers are:

Florence Mardicott, President.
Angeline Yedloutschnig, Vice President.
Bernice Edwards, Secretary.
Rachel Davis, Treasurer.
Elizabeth Ring, Sergeant at Arms.
Hazel Colvin, Social Commissioner.

Then there are four standing committees and a well mapped out organization indeed. The name was one chosen by the group from a list brought in by the membership—and is an Indian word meaning "Friends". The girls had a booth at the Bazaar held by the Community Club, taking entire charge of it themselves. One of their recent social evenings resolved itself into a "wee kids" party. Everybody arrived dressed in rompers, half-sox and hair-bows, played "kid" games and had a wonderful time.

Scouts Darhl Draney and Louise Page of the Rock Springs Owlettes show Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross the "American Girl."

Mrs. Leckie-Roberts Tells About Washington

One of the happiest and most profitable evenings of the Owlette winter program came at their regular weekly meeting Wednesday, December 8th, when Mrs. J. L. Leckie-Roberts gave them an Evening in Washington in an interesting account of the city; the schools and school life; the social and club life; the general cultural and study opportunities as well as many stories about the personalities, national and foreign figures that make up the interest of the Capitol.

Mrs. J. L. Leckie-Roberts spent her early girlhood in Washington and talks easily and entertainingly. The Owlettes hope she will come again and tell us about her pioneering days in Wyoming.

LAUGHS

A Joke:

Dry cleaner: Good morning, Mrs. L. Have you anything you wish to have dry cleaned?

Mrs. L.: Yes, I think I will have Bessie's dress cleaned.

Bessie (age 3), removing her over-shoes: Here, mister, if you can clean my dress you can clean my over-shoes too.

Illegal.

"When did the robbery occur?" asked the cross-examiner.

"I think—" began the witness.

"We don't care what you think—we want to know what you know," said the legal luminary.

"Well, I may as well get out of the box, then," said the witness. "I can't talk without thinking. I'm not a lawyer." —Tit-Bits.

Different.

Cop: "Hey! Come out of that. Bathing is not allowed here."

Victim (in the pond): "Pardon me, I'm not bathing. I'm drowning." —The Bulletin, Sydney.

Wasted Pains.

"Be careful to wash your face and hands thoroughly—I'm expecting your Auntie!"

"But suppose she doesn't come "

—The Passing Show (London).

Splendid?

Angry Man (leading a dejected looking dog): "When I bought this dog from you, you said he was splendid for rats. Why, the blamed hound is scared to death of them."

Former Dog Owner: "Well, ain't that splendid for rats?"

Rank Injustice.

"I 'ear Bill 'Awkins is suin' the company fer damages."

"Why, what 'ave they done to 'im?"

"They blew the quittin' whistle when 'e was carryin' a 'eavy bit o' wood and' 'e dropped it on 'is foot."

—London Opinion.

Her Annual Gift

Mr. Sophtie: "Well, Willie, your sister has given herself to me for a Christmas present. What do you think of that?"

Willie: "That's what she done for Mr. Brown last year and he gave her back before Easter. I expect you'll do the same."

Our Little Folks

The Nail

By the Brothers Grimm

A merchant had done good business at the fair; he had sold his wares, and filled his bag with gold and silver. Then he set out at once on his journey home, for he wished to be in his own house before night.

At noon he rested in a town. When he wanted to go on, the stable-boy brought his horse, saying: "A nail is wanting, sir, in the shoe of his left hind foot."

"Let it be wanting," answered the merchant; "the shoe will stay on for the six miles I have still to go. I am in a hurry."

In the afternoon he got down at an inn, and had his horse fed. The stable-boy came into the room to him and said: "Sir, a shoe is wanting from your horse's left hind foot. Shall I take him to the blacksmith?"

"Let it still be wanting," said the man; "the horse can very well hold out for a couple of miles more. I am in a hurry."

So the merchant rode forth, but before long the horse began to limp. He had not limped long before he began to stumble, and he had not stumbled long before he fell down and broke his leg. The merchant had to leave the horse where he fell, and unstrap the bag, take it on his back, and go home on foot.

"That unlucky nail," said he to himself, "has made all this trouble."

The Little Match Girl

By Hans Christian Anderson

IT WAS very, very cold; it snowed and it grew dark; it was the last evening of the year, New Year's Eve. In the cold and dark a poor little girl, with bare head and bare feet, was walking through the streets. When she left her own house she certainly had had slippers on; but what could they do? They were very big slippers, and her mother had used them till then, so big were they. The little maid lost them as she slipped across the road, where two carriages were rattling by terribly fast. One slipper was not to be found again, and a boy ran away with the other. He said he could use it for a cradle when he had children of his own.

So now the little girl went with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold.

In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and a bundle of them in her hand. No one had bought anything of her all day; no one had given her a copper. Hungry and cold she went, and drew herself together, poor little thing! The snowflakes fell on her long yellow hair, which curled prettily over her neck; but she did not think of that now. In all the windows lights were shining, and there was a glorious smell of roast goose out there in the street; it was no doubt New Year's Eve. Yes, she thought of that!

In a corner formed by two houses, one of which was a little farther from the street than the other, she sat down and crept close. She had drawn up her little bare feet, but she was still colder, and she did not dare to go home, for she had sold no matches, and she had not a single cent; her father would beat her; and besides, it was cold at home, for they had nothing over them but a roof through which the wind whistled, though straw and rags stopped the largest holes.

Her small hands were quite numb with the cold. Ah! a little match might do her good if she only dared draw one from the bundle, and strike it against the wall, and warm her fingers at it. She drew one out. R-R-atch! How it spluttered and burned! It was a warm bright flame, like a little candle, when she held her hands over it; it was a wonderful little light! It really seemed to the little girl as if she sat before a great polished stove, with bright brass feet and a brass cover. The fire burned so nicely; it warmed her so well,—the little girl was just putting out her feet to warm these, too,—when out went the flame; the stove was gone;—she sat with only the end of the burned match in her hand.

She struck another; it burned; it gave a light; and where it shone on the wall, the wall became thin like a veil, and should could see through it into the room where a table stood, spread with a white cloth, and with china on it; and the roast goose smoked gloriously, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more splendid to behold, the goose hopped down from the dish, and waddled along the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast; straight to the little girl he came. Then the match went out, and only the thick, damp, cold wall was before her.

She lighted another. Then she was sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree; it was greater and finer than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of candles burned upon the green branches, and colored pic- upon them. The little girl stretched forth both hands toward them; then the match went out. The Christmas lights went higher and higher. She saw that now they were stars in the sky: one of them fell and made a long line of fire.

"Now some one is dying," said the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only person who had been good to her, but who was now dead, had said: "When a star falls a soul mounts up to God."

She rubbed another match against the wall; it became bright again, and in the light there stood the old grandmother clear and shining, mild and lovely.

"Grandmother!" cried the child. "Oh, take me with you! I know you will go when the match is burned out. You will go away like the warm stove, the nice roast goose, the great glorious Christmas tree!"

And she hastily rubbed the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. And the matches burned with such a glow that it became brighter than in the middle of the day; grandmother had never been so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl up in her arms, and both flew in the light and joy so high, so high! and up there was no cold, nor hunger, nor care—they were with God.

But in the corner by the house sat the little girl, with red cheeks and smiling mouth, frozen to death on the last evening of the Old Year. The New Year's sun rose upon the little body, that sat there with the matches, of which one bundle was burned. She wanted to warm herself, the people said. No one knew what fine things she had seen, and in what glory she had gone in with her grandmother to the New Year's Day.

Timbuctoo

I have the dearest kitten;
His name is Timbucktoo;
It's really wonderful the things
That little cat can do!

We often eat together,
I on a chair, you know,
While Timmie's pretty saucer
Is on the floor below.

And Mother, when we're finished,
Clears all the dishes up,
And washes Timmie's saucer
After my bowl and cup.

And I put all our dishes
Straight on the pantry shelves;
My things alone on one side
And Timmie's by themselves.

And when we play together,
My kitty cat and I,
Until it's time for lessons,
And then I have to fly,—

And wash my hands, for Mother says
'Twould never do, oh no,
To play with pets and not do that
Although we love them so!

—Louise Martin.

Rock Springs

Chas. Crofts is confined to the Wyoming General Hospital with an attack of pneumonia.

Jed Orme, Jr., and Wm. Medill have returned to school in Denver after a short visit with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ward entertained at a card party at their home on No. 1 Hill on Saturday evening, December 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. L. Libby visited at the Jas. Rafferty home in Reliance on Sunday.

G. L. Stevenson accompanied Albert Walters to Denver, where Mr. Walters is to undergo a surgical operation.

Jack Dewar, our billing clerk, has gone to work in No. 8 Mine and Uno C. Wiljke has taken the position of billing clerk.

Mrs. Sarah Williams of Evanston is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Moon, Sr.

Ruth, the small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vestor Matson, is very ill with pneumonia.

P. J. Ward and family of Superior visited at the home of Ted Walsh on Sunday, December 4th.

Mrs. Chas. Outsen left on a busniess trip to Denver on December 9th.

Margaret, the thirteen year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Stevenson, underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Wyoming General Hospital and is getting along nicely.

A surprise party was given on Mrs. John Collins, in honor of her birthday, on Saturday evening, November 27th.

Mrs. George Benson of Cumberland has been visiting with friends here the past week. She has now gone to Casper to visit with her daughter.

Axel Johnson was called to Denver to attend the funeral of Mrs. Peter Lager. Mrs. Lager lived in Rock Springs a number of years ago.

Robert Armstrong is a patient at the Wyoming General Hospital where he is receiving treatment for an infected foot.

Obie Powell and family visited with relatives in Superior on Sunday, December 5th.

Mrs. F. L. McCarty and daughter Carol have returned from a visit with relatives in Evanston. Mrs. McCarty's sister, Miss Bernice Harris, returned with Mrs. McCarty and will visit here during the holidays.

Carl J. Carlson of E Plane was called to Denver, where his wife underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Pat Campbell is visiting with relatives in Illinois.

James Gerrard, while doing some repair work on his home, slipped and fell, fracturing his right ankle. He is now able to be about with the aid of a pair of crutches.

Mrs. Nellie George of Superior is visiting with Mrs. George's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Whalen.

Mrs. Morgan F. Powell entertained at a card party on Wednesday, December 8th.

Mrs. W. P. Murphy is visiting with her mother in Cheyenne.

Aileen, the small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pete Stockich, is ill with pneumonia.

Sam Daniels of Dines visited at the home of Eliga Daniels.

W. D. Jones had his finger badly lacerated while at work in No. 4 Mine on December 2nd.

Rock Springs Community Club held a benefit dance at the Slovenski Dom on Saturday evening, December 11th.

Superior

A number of Superior people enjoyed "Bohemian Girl" at Rock Springs' theatre on November 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hudson are the proud parents of a baby boy.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hay of the Superior-Rock Springs Coal Company are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl.

Mr. O. G. Osborn is our new station agent, succeeding Mr. J. E. Burnsmier who was transferred to Ogden, Utah.

Furnessa Purdy and Phyllis Hansen sang in the L. D. S. church in Rock Springs on November 27th. The meeting was held in honor of a returned missionary.

Miss Doris Robinson was home during the Thanksgiving holidays. Doris is attending the University at Laramie.

Miss Phyllis McDill visited home folks during the Thanksgiving holidays. Phyllis is also attending the University.

The Altar Society held a successful Bazaar at the Community Church on Monday, November 29th.

Union services were held in the Community Church on November 25th. A short program was enjoyed, followed by a sermon by Mr. Callahan.

The Grade School of Superior gave an operetta in the Opera House on December 10th. The operetta was well attended, the Lions of Superior attending in a body.

George Albert Brown, Jr., son of Superintendent Brown of Superior. Junior knows all about mine machinery now, but he's decided to be a railroad engineer and run a 9000 on the Union Pacific.

The Bridge Club met at the home of Mrs. W. H. Weimer on December 2nd. Mrs. Rudger Robinson won first prize, Mrs. William Matthew second and Mrs. Thomas Smith won the guest prize.

Mrs. H. A. Wyam was hostess to the Night Club on Saturday night, December 4th. Five hundred was played and a dainty lunch was served at the end of the evening.

The Boy Scouts of Superior, under the leadership of the Rev. Mr. Callahan, are enjoying the work of Scout-craft.

Mrs. Wm. Matthew entertained the Five Hundred Club at her home on "B" Hill, December 7th. Mrs. Paul Pecolar won first prize, Mrs. Louis Kladianos second and Mrs. C. E. Sayer won the consolation. Mrs. Rudger Robinson won the guest prize.

The Ladies' Guild held a card party and a box social in the Opera house on December 1st. Lyle Conzatto won first prize for men, Geo. A. Brown second and Wm. Matthew won the booby. Mrs. Jacob W. Holt won first prize for women, Mrs. Geo. A. Brown second and Mrs. Nick Conzatti won the booby.

The Boy Scouts of Superior, under the leadership of Reverend Mr. Callahan, are enjoying the work of Scouts-craft.

Mrs. Richard Norris returned to Superior after being in California for a number of weeks. Mrs. Norris was called to California on account of the illness of her mother.

Mrs. F. Whitetree's Sunday School Class gave her a farewell party at the home of Mrs. R. H. Sanders on

December the 4th. Games were played and at the end of the evening Mrs. Sanders served a dainty lunch. Mrs. Whitetree was the recipient of many dainty little gifts from the members of her class. Mrs. Whitetree is leaving for Oklahoma for the winter.

The M. I. A. held a meeting at the Community Church on December 7th. The meeting opened with a fine program consisting of piano solos by Vernon Ward of Rock Springs and Anna Winn of Superior; a violin solo by Mr. Ray Engebretson; a trombone solo by Mr. Frank Whitetree; duets by the Hatch sisters of Rock Springs and Furnessa Purdy and Phyllis Hansen; readings by Edith Morley, Augusta Mulkay and Roy Noaks. The program was followed by interesting talks by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sellers and Mr. Scott. This was followed by a general social and at the close of the evening a delicious lunch was served.

Hanna

Mr. Ira Clark and Wm. Nelson drove out to Rattlesnake on Thursday, December 9th, to get a tree for the Community Christmas program.

Wednesday night, November 24th, St. Margaret's Guild held its annual Barn Dance at the Opera House for the benefit of the Cathedral Home for Children at Laramie. Music was furnished by Jack Cook's orchestra.

Hanna High played their closing game of football with Superior High on Sunday, November 14th, at Hanna. We lost to Superior, the score being 12-0. This was the first year for our boys to play football and we think they have done well. But practice makes perfect and we look for more victories next year.

Mrs. Watson, formerly Miss Beatrice Smith, and small son left for their home in Sterling, Colorado, on November 11th.

A very enjoyable social and dance was given at the First Aid Hall on Saturday, November 20th, by the ladies of the First Aid.

Austin O'Mally, Jr., of Wild Horse, Colorado, spent a few days in Hanna visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. Ivor Christensen was quite ill for several days during November, but has regained her health.

Miss Lillian M. Skinner, social welfare worker, arrived and is living at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Stebner.

Mrs. Jas. MacDonald and Misses Jessie and Florence Benedict of Laramie spent Thanksgiving with the O. C. Buehlers.

Mrs. W. W. Hughes was on the sick list during the latter part of November.

Frances, Ruby and Walter Kennison spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mellor.

Miss Anne McLeod of Superior was the week-end guest of Miss Hilda Malmberg during Thanksgiving.

The sympathy of the community is extended to the Wm. Dickinson family in the death of their little daughter, Dorothy Ann, which occurred on Thanksgiving day at Ivinson Hospital, Laramie, after a short illness. Funeral services were held at St. Matthews Cathedral on Sunday, November 28th, and burial made at Laramie Cemetery. The deceased was born on April 23, 1923.

The Ladies' Guild met at the home of Mrs. Thos. Love on Wednesday, December 1st.

At a meeting of the Ex-Service Men, American Legion Post No. 27 was organized at Hanna under the name of Wilkes-Arthurs-Jones. The following officers were elected: Dr. Glenn Stoddard, Post Commander; Henry Jones, Adjutant; John Jackson, First Vice Commander; John Hughes, Second Vice Commander; Alex Greenwood, Finance Officer; Jack Cook, Chaplain; Arnum Bailey, Sergeant at Arms; L. T. Killion, Past Commander.

Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Weese and small daughter, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Paul Peterson, left for their home in Longmont, Colorado, on December 7th.

A baby girl made her arrival at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Trahalas on November 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tsismanos are receiving congratulations on the birth of a brand new baby.

Mr. Jno. Clark has been very ill with the grippe for a week.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church held a social meeting at the home of Mrs. Chas. Ainsworth on December 8th.

Mrs. Justin Baird of Denver spent a few days visiting with her sister, Mrs. Margaret Reese.

The basketball teams of the Hanna High School are practicing and we are looking forward to some very interesting games.

Reliance

Several of the small boys have had birthday parties this month, among them Robert Uhren, Billie Tolzey and Wesley Myers.

Luke Harrigan has been very ill with pneumonia, but is well on the road to recovery now. The inquiring reporter, looking in on the patient, wondered if Luke "wanted to get well" too quickly and dispense with all the flowers, billet doux, etc., showered on him by his G. F.'s.

Mr. Holen, our genial superintendent, is up and about after a severe attack of the "flu." He demonstrated the old axiom to us all, "you can't keep a good man down."

Clara Ruth Wittich and Charlotte Holmes, girl cousins of Reliance who, since they are the same age, have decided to share things —even a chair for one.

Mrs. Ebeling tendered Mrs. Portwood a surprise party in honor of her birthday.

Mrs. Ebeling also entertained the Kensington group with a most enjoyable social evening.

Several Relianceites have been victims of the "flu." Grace Fuhrer has been very ill, but is on the home stretch to recovery. Florence McPhie, Mrs. Wm. Telck, Mrs. Rafferty, Mr. Hamblin and Mr. McComas have each been on the sick list, but all are on the road to recovery.

Ethel Portwood has returned to Reliance after an extended visit in Denver, where she attended school. She has taken up her studies at the Rock Springs High School since her return.

Katie Popovich has returned from the hospital after several weeks' illness.

The installation of several phones in Reliance makes our village a great deal more convenient. We are suburbanites now.

The Ladies' Relief Society gave a bazaar and dance on the night of December, 17.

Master Billy Holmes, age two months, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Holmes of Reliance.

Yes, we have music with our meals, music when we retire and music to induce pleasant dreams, now that our band is assuming bigger proportions.

Mr. Pat Burns is back home again after several months spent in the hospital.

Mrs. Hanna has substituted in our school during the absence of Miss Prosser.

Winton

The members of the Woman's Club have been very busy during the month. On Friday evening, December 10th, they gave a card party; on the 18th they arranged a successful Food Sale and on the 13th they spent a social afternoon making Christmas sacks to help Old Santa out with his arrangements.

The Sunday School gave a delightful Christmas program at the Community Club House on Thursday evening, December 23rd.

The dance given by the Community Council on Christmas Eve was well attended and a decided success.

The Band gave another of its enjoyable dances on Saturday evening, December 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Carlson entertained at cards Wednesday evening, December 8th, the occasion being their fourth wedding anniversary. The guests presented the host and hostess with a lovely china cake set along with best wishes for more happy anniversaries.

Mrs. Ed Sutton and Mrs. Pete Uram entertained a large crowd at cards during the month.

Mrs. Bob Jolly, Mrs. Harry Halladay and Mrs. Scanlin entertained their card club this month.

Deaths during the month were: Mrs. Paul Fickle; Virginia Lee Jones, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Jones; Gene Pecolar, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Pecolar and the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ruiz. The community of Winton extends sympathy to all the bereaved relatives and friends.

Mrs. Susich has been seriously ill during the month.

Rena Marta has been critically ill this month.

A miscellaneous shower was given by Mr. and Mrs. Steneck for Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Steneck on Wednesday evening, December 8th. Dancing and games were diversions of the evening. A sumptuous supper was served about midnight. The "newly-weds" received numerous beautiful and useful gifts along with the congratulations of their friends.

Cumberland

Mr. and Mrs. Wright Walker are on the sick list.

Mrs. George Blacker, Sr., is in Salt Lake Hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Wm. Matthew of Superior spent several days with Mrs. Wm. McIntosh and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Miller and sons spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mrs. Helen Miller.

Miss Dunn, Mrs. Rock, Mrs. J. J. Reese and Miss Anna Miller entertained the sewing club during the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dodds entertained at Thanksgiving dinner. The following were guests: Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh and family; Mr. and Mrs. Pete Boam and family; Mr. and Mrs. Axel Johnson and family; Mr. and Mrs. Bert Williams; Mr. and Mrs. Wright Walker; Mr. Victor Scepansky, Mr. Walter Oliver, Mr. Cyril Reed and Messrs. John McIntosh and Paul Kundeson of Superior.

The Ladies of the Relief Society held a Bazaar at the church Tuesday afternoon, December 14th.

Mrs. Stewart Tait is confined to her home with measles.

Mrs. D. B. Ballentyne of Ogden is visiting with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Dexter spent Thanksgiving week-end in Salt Lake City.

Messrs. Adams, Peterson and Nickols spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Edwards.

Wm. Edwards is on the sick list.

Mrs. Periner is on the sick list.

The Busy Girls' sewing club met at the home of Mrs. D. R. Edwards on December 8th.

I AM disappointed that we did not hear from the Superior sports correspondent. So, I'm sure, are the rest of the folks. The Duster is entirely serious when it records its appreciation of the sports news from Superior.

Of course, we have the Winton Band picture this month, and now that Santa Claus himself has expressed his entire approval of the brand of music Winton begins (What was it?) hostilities with—there's nothing more to be said, and even the Duster won't try to be facetious. It isn't very sure what form said hostilities are supposed to take in Winton. Perhaps a snow battle. In any case there would seem to be plenty of rumors about some friends fighting snow.

Somebody is always taking the joy out of life. Now comes someone who insists that we make all our New Year resolutions for ourselves, with never a resolute for our friends. Rather selfish, isn't it? Besides, there are so many things we'd like some other folks to resolve.

Do it at once, and it is a matter of only a few minutes; put it off a month, and you have spent a month in doing it.

Did you see that we have a fashion editor—or, anyway, somebody was talking about the kind of dress the New Year wore when it arrived.

Too much punctuation? Well, let's see. Try this over on your piano—but better punctuate it first:

A funny little man told this to me
I fell in a snowdrift in June said he
I went to a ball game out in the sea
I saw a jelly fish float up in a tree
I found some gum in a cup of tea
I stirred my milk with a big brass key
I opened my door on my bended knee
I beg your pardon for this said he
But 'tis true when told as it ought to be
'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see.

Mr. Pryde: Which train do you take to Cumberland now.

E. R. J.: Why there are several. The morning train out of Kemmerer "so-ots" any of us.

Winton asks us which are the most beautiful women in the world, brunettes or blondes. Answer—Yes.

Self-Dependence

One star does not ask another to adore it or amuse it; Mt. Shasta, though it towers for thousands of feet above its neighbors, does not repine that it is alone or that the adjacent peaks see much that it misses under the clouds. Nature does not trouble itself about what the rest of nature is doing. But man constantly worries about other men—what they think of him, do to him, fail to emulate in him, have or secure in comparison with him. He lacks Nature's inward quietude. Calmness and peace come by being self-contained.

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou BE as these are? LIVE as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence 'round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long, moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring—
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself, and know that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

—Matthew Arnold.

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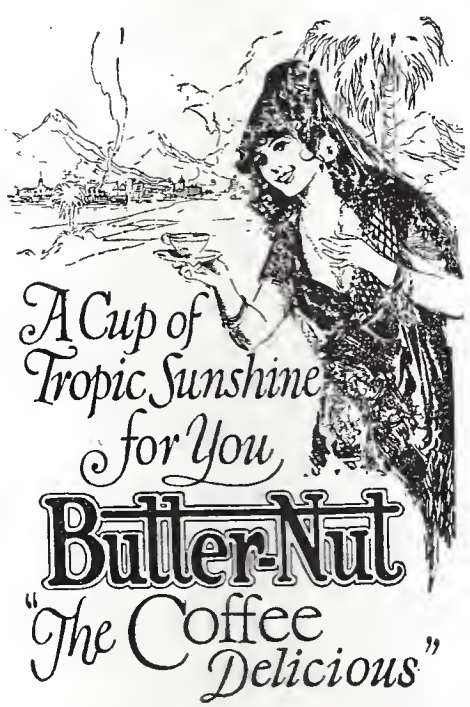

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